1420

PIERIDES.

OR THE

Muſes Mount.

BY

HUGH CROMPTON

Gent.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To the

Right Honourable,

MARY,

Dutchess of *Richmond* and *Lenox*, &c.

Illustrious Lady,

IN these destructive Times, the Concomitants of Pride and Envy are swollen up to such Vehemency and Vigor,

that whereof wit ſhould be cheriſh'd by Indulgency, it is even maſſacred with remorſeleſs Tyranny, and turn'd out naked to the worlds tuition. The ſtrong Oaks of *Apollo* are fallen by the hand of Nature: and the tender aſpiring Sprigs (which were wont to ſhroud under them) are left like *Jonas*, without a Gourd, and have not the paſſive power left, which ſhould carry them through the furious Hurricane which the evil ſpirit of this Age hath conjured up among us: wherefore I preſume

(and

(and indeed my presumption is great) to appeal to your Honor, as the only Sanctuary left me for refuge, not wholly doubting Your disdain (which I might justly fear, were not Your Candor above my Merit.) I am no Parasite, I will not offend You with superfluous Oratory; Nor be a Sycophant to Your Vertue. The world is well enough acquainted, and needs no pretended Herauld to proclaim You Prudent and Pious. May it but cohere with Your pleasure to aspect the endeavour of my

Muse with a serene Eye, and
You will superabundantly feli
citate him who is

Your Honours

Poor Servant,

HUGH CROMPTON.

TO THE READER.

Reader,

He condition of our Fortunes many times unhaſps our Reſolutions. I had bound up my Muſes in a bundle, intending them only for waſte paper, the imployments of my Profeſſion increaſing, and (as I thought) likely to continue upon me. But the ſucceſſion of a worſe fate having diſimploy'd me, I reſum'd the Quill (that idleneſs might not ſway) and for want of a better labour in my ramble, gathered this Sallad from Parnaſſus, *and waſht it in* Helicon. *But thou muſt find Oyl and Vinegar, and Sugar it with thy good conceit if thou pleaſeſt. Errors thou ſhalt have many, it may pleaſe the better, ſince the*

the time glories in them. Yet if thou pinch too hard, I have learned to cry Peccavi. *Enter, and peradventure it will pleaſe, if not, the remedy is remov'd; for I have done, onely ſubſcribing my ſelfe*

Thine,

as thou art Mine,

HUGH CROMPTON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PIERIDES,

PIERIDES:
OR,
THE MUSES MOUNT.

1. *Bacchus.*

COme jolly God *Bacchus*, and open thy ſtore,
Let the big-belly'd Grapes of their burden be eaſed;
Let thy liberality freely flow o're,
For 'tis by thy bounty that we are appeaſed.
It is Sack that we lack,
It is Sack that we crave;
It is Sack that we fight for, and Sack we will have.---

2.

Let pining *Heraclytus* drink of his Tear,
And ſniv'ling *Tymon* lye ſick in his cell;
And let the courſe Bumpkin preach law in his beer;
But 'tis Wine makes our fame and our glory to ſwell.
It is Wine makes divine
All our wits, and renownes
The Peaſant with Scepters, the Shepherd with Crowns.

3.

He that ſpends his money for honour, and climes
In the trees of triumph, may ſit there and pauſe;
All he gets for his pains is the errour of times,
Nurſt up by the Pandars of vulgar applauſe:
But the gold that is ſold
For Canary, brings wit,
And there is no honour compared to it.

4.

Some love to weare ſattin, and ſhine in their ſilk,
Yet quickly their faſhion will alter and vary;
Sometime they'l eat mutton, ſometime they'l drink milk:
But I am for ever in tune for Canary.
It is ſack that doth make
All our wants to be nothing,
For we do eſteem it both meat, drink, and clothing.

5.

A green gooſe ſerves Eaſter, with gooſeberries dreſt;
And July affords us a diſh of green peaſon;
A Collar of Brawn is New-years-tide Feaſt;
But ſack is for ever and ever in ſeaſon:
'Twill ſuffice all the wiſe
Both at all times and places,
It is a good friend to all tempers and caſes.

6.

Then farewell Metheglin, thou dreg of the hives,
And Cider, thou baſtardly darling of Summer;
You dull the quick blood that Canary revives:
Then fill me a pottle of Sack in a rummer;
For Ile drink till each chink
Be full, and 'tis but reaſon;
And then I ſhall have no room to harbour treaſon.

II. *The Power.*

1.

BLeſt *Roſella*, ſhall I praiſe thee?
With wits herauldry emblaze thee?
Or with ſtrong Encomiums raiſe thee?

2.

No, I need not; I ſhould ſpoile thee,
Rhymes and Raptures would defile thee,
And of thy own light beguile thee.

3.

If the Muſes I ſhould muſter,
And of Wits bring the whole cluſter,
They could not unlock thy luſtre.

4.

All the verge of my deſire
Is not to advance thee higher;
But thy vertues to admire.

5.

For th'art of ſuch force and vigor,
Thou canſt make the mountains bigger,
And reſtrain the Lions rigour.

6.

Start the Stoick from his station,
Urge a dead man into passion;
And allarm a drowzy nation.

7.

Make the Bull to break his bridle;
And the Asse would not be idle,
Till he plaid upon the fiddle.

8.

Cause the Thief to break his halter;
And the Saint his zeal to alter;
Making thee to be his Psalter.

9.

And now I wish that I could win thee,
Or on my sleeve that I might pin thee,
Or set my Standard up within thee.

III. *The Apprentice.*

Time mend thy pace, thy sands but slowly run;
Eight weeks seem longer then eight twelv
moneths gone:
Sure th' art asleep, thou dost not make such hast
To help me as thou hast done in times past.

Stay'

Stay'ſt thou to hear the Syrens whilſt they ſing?
Or has the ruſt of age impair'd thy wing?
Have I affronted thee? did I declare
Thy faults, and ſet them out in ſecular?
Did I e're babble that the times were bad?
Or did I grumble at the tricks you had?
No, I have prais'd you, and was ever free
To gloſſe you out with an apology.
Why then this ſloth? (dull Mower) can it be
That with revenge you'l pay a courteſie?
Now I've moſt need of Time, & fain would hug him,
His forehead's grown ſo bald I cannot lug him.
If thou art ſick, then prethee wear a cap;
For I am fearfull thou haſt got a clap,
Thy loyns are grown ſo ſtiff; and thou doſt creep
As though the *primum mobile* were aſleep.
I prethee rouze thy ſpirits, and let ſlip
Some gentle gale on my apprenticeſhip.
I ſee the haven, but if thou deprive
Me of thine aid, I never ſhall arrive.
But why ſhould I petition to a ſoul
Impenetrable, that will not condole
The ſaddeſt ſorrows; nor concede unto
The ſtrongeſt prayers, or the deepeſt Oh?
Ile wait thy motion, be it ſlow or faſt;
I know thou canſt not but conclude at laſt:
And when th'art ended, Ile deteſt thee more
Then ere I gave thee honour heretofore.
Oh here's my grief, this ſmothers all my joy;
I can but ſay *I am a prentice-boy.*

I must be ready at each beck and call,
And if I fail, my bones must pay for all.
And this is long of thee (*Time*) wert thou ended,
Then all these misdemeanours would be mended.
But Ile take courage, and make woes divine,
With sacred Nectar and Falernian wine:
For I have studied Physick, and am sure
I've no disaster but what wine will cure.

IV. *The Discharge.*

1.

WEll, 'tis enough, I've charm'd each thought
That mov'd my fancy into crimes:
My little wits I've largely bought,
And now Ile vex no more at times.
Let States run round,
My muse is bound
O're to the peace, I will give o're;
I've said too much, I'le say no more.

2.

I have been punish'd for my sin,
And now my state of life I'le change;
Experience jogs me to begin
A fixed frame, and cease to range.
Ile be content
With Parliament,
With a Protector, or a King,
With House of Lords, or any thing.

3.

Why ſhould I ſtrive? what's it to me,
Whatever chance in State doth fall?
No rotten Meddler I will be,
Since it avails no good at all.
Heart, tongue and Hand
Shall ſlily ſtand,
Attending ſtories high or low,
As Hench-boyes to their Maſters do.

4.

Let this man wear a ſparkling Crown,
And in his hand a Scepter hold;
Let him take't up, or lay it down,
It gains me neither droſſe nor gold:
But if I grutch
'Twill loſe me much;
And this reſembles him that doubles
His own induſtry for his troubles.

5.

Therefore my fancy does decline,
And Virgin-like Ile ſtand demure;
So ſhall I eaſe this heart of mine,
And drink my ſacred wine ſecure;
And laugh at thoſe
That do oppoſe
State-turns, and every change regard,
Receiving ruine for reward.

V. *The Conceit.*

1.

Give me the boul, the jolly boul
Fill'd to the brim with Claret:
And ſince the Crown from th' head doth roll,
Upon my noſe Ile wear it,
Ile weare it there, and 'tis no crime
If I conceive my ſelf ſublime.

2.

I have a heart within my breaſt
That no misfortune knows,
And will not languiſh in the leaſt,
While Fancy comes and goes.
No alteration me confines,
While my poor Muſe doth brouze the vines.

3.

I burthen not my brains at all
With Parliamentall matters;
With who ſhall ſtand or who ſhall fall,
Or ſhall be torn in tatters.
I puſh out Ladies with my paw,
For I have read the Salique Law.

4.

I am as great, perhaps as good
As them that boldly slay
The Root and Branch of noble blood,
Princes *&c. etera.*
Each Martyrs Ghost haunts them, we see,
When there's no fate has power on me.

5.

Yet I adore the sacred Stream
O'th' Bacchanalian vain,
Whose pleasures yield a boundlesse Theam:
Then fill the boul again.
If this be vain, you must submit,
Your glory's far more vain then it.

VI. *The Encomium.*

1.

REach me a golden pen that writes
Such curious Raptures as the Court affords;
Such dainty Language as delights
Ladies saluted by their sprighly Lords:
Such as may paint the feature of *Adonis*,
Or tell a blind man how serene the Sun is.

Oh

2.

Oh 'tis my dear, the subject now
Wherein to sport my sporting Muse incites me;
And 'tis the splendour of her brow;
Whose fair reflexes on my Muse inlights me.
Bright Star of Majesty, methinks I see
The Gods and Angels strive to worship thee.

3.

So sweet a lip, so pure a cheek,
Such graces seated in her chrystall eye,
As *Paris* might in *Helen* seek;
Such food in *Juno Jove* did ne're enjoy:
Tongues must be silent, phrases are too light,
Textor can teach us no such Epithet.

4.

Therefore I must content my passion,
That now is grown so furious and so proud,
Not with my pen, but speculation;
And this must be too through some velvet cloud:
For if I see her clear whom I adore,
Her beams will blind me, I shall see no more.

VII. *Winifred.*

SHe is facetious, of a gentle nature,
Well educated, of a seemly stature,

Plea-

Pleaſant and lovely, full of witty knacks,
Sh·as all perfe&tions, and there's none ſhe lacks:
She's young, ſhe's old, ſhe is both ſtale and new,
She is a virgin and a woman too.
She is religious; nay Ile tell you more,
She is a Lady and ſhe is a whore.

VIII. *Honeſty.*

1.

IN Lov's ſchool I've lately enter'd,
And have choſe my nuptial mate;
On her vertues I have ventur'd,
E're I counted her eſtate.

2.

I have ſeen her grace exceeding
All the ſtroke of wanton girls:
I priz'd her bounty and her breeding
Richer then a thouſand pearls.

3.

And ſuch wealth will ne're be ſpent all,
Her vertuous ſoul cannot decay:
And where ſuch beauty's ornamentall,
Who can turn their hearts away?

And

5.

And therefore my love Ile cheriſh,
Till I make my bliſſe divine:
And let me for ever periſh
When I ceaſe from being thine.

IX. *The Farewell to the World.*

1.

SInce the world doth deceive ev'ry one that doth (cleave
To't, I now take my leave
From the pleaſures thereof, and begin to abhor it:
And did you but know as much as I do,
You'd ſay I had reaſon ſufficiently for it.

2.

What's the beſt of the worth that the world doth ſet (forth
From the South to the North?
If you look but with reaſon upon it, it's rotten.
Wherein ſhall I truſt? when I'm laid in the duſt,
The flags of my glory will all be forgotten.

3.

What's the Prince in his Throne, or the Lord of the town,
Or the States-man in's gown?
If the ſound of their titles do onely ſupport 'um,
Their fame will not laſt till ages are paſt;
And the things they aſpire at will ſurely come ſhort home.

What's

4.

What's the Courtier in pluſh, or his Miſtreſs's bluſh,
If ſhe ſtands every puſh? (quey:
She's not worth the touch of a Gentlemans Lac-
If you ſtick to her cloſe you may forfeit your noſe;
Sh'has that in her panniers will preſently wrack ye.

5.

What's theMayor in his ruff, or the Souldier in buff,
And his ruffling ſtuff,
If their powers do ſerve them but onely to chat on?
They are as groſſe as the Clown, that comes and ſits down,
While his amorous Miſtreſſe makes water with's hat on.

6.

What's the Nun in her nook, or the Clerk from his book,
Or the Judges grim look,
When the pris'ners applaud him with *Oh good my Lord Sir?*
Take him but from the Law, and he's not worth a ſtraw;
Bid him parſe the Greek Grammer, he knows not a word ſir.

7.

What's the Miſer in's droſs, who is fearfull of loſs?
All his hopes are but moſſe;
And the zeal of his faſhion is in his trunk-breeches:
But the Scull in his boat, or the Fool in his coat,
Hath a far larger portion of freedom and richer.

'Tis

8.

'Tis the ſoul that doth ſhape his deſigns by the grap
Doth all ſorrows eſcape,
And is freed from the curſes of danger and trouble
And I tell you no lie, ſuch a ſoul I enjoy,
And I find my good qualities daily redouble.

X. *The Puff.*

1.

BE gone ye dull lights of the world with you
vapours,
He's curſt that relies on your pitiful look;
He's bleſt that doth baniſh you out of his book:
Your matter conſumes, and it dies like your tapour
It moulders away like the drammes of a day,
And there's no man doth find it enough to conten
him;
The beſt it will do is to cheat and prevent him.

2.

I neither will value your promiſe nor powers,
I will not aſpire at the uppermoſt throne:
Give me but an Angel, take whoſe will the Crown
All goodneſs that thence doth accrew's like th
ſhowers
That fall in the ſprings, or the bird that now ſings,
And is huſh: from her buſh by a puff: if you meaſure
You'l find there is more of diſtraction then pleaſure

There

3.

There can be no merit nor object of honour
More worthy then this, for a man to command
His glaſſes as ſubjects, his pots as a land:
He that can do this has all wealth, for he won her;
And then he may ſcorn to be overborn
By the trampling feet of the Court, or obey them;
His freedome of mind doth out-wit and o're-ſway
them.

4.

Do you but anoynt me with unction of bottles,
Then I will be King, and then I will be Prince;
Then I will confute, and then I will convince,
And teach you more knowledge then ten *Ariſtotles*:
And I will not fear then your almighty men,
Whoſe terrible voices can ſhake the foundations
Of great ones and ſmall ones all over-the nations.

5.

Then I and my people would joyntly conſpire,
I'le ſway them by love, and they ſhall not refuſe,
I'le cheer up my ſpirits and ſtrengthen my Muſe
By the wholſome heat of *Bacchus* his fire;
And I will not care how State-matters ſhall go:
'Tis not the great Soldan himſelf nor his aſſes
Can prove the leaſt title they have to our glaſſes.

He

6.

He has but the genius of power to rule us.
My Fancy's an Island that lives by the ſtore
Of its own native riches, and needeth no more.
Why then ſhould the Lord of the Ocean befool us?
Let's drink a free health to our own Common-
wealth;
For Ile burn out this lump of my body to aſhes,
Before Ile be frighted by fools or their flaſhes.

XI. *The Ejection.*

1.

NOw I have wean'd my wits aſide
From Melancholy's diſmall breaſt;
And from thy conceited care my genius bids for-
bear,
And will no more the duggs abide,
That kept her ſoul unbleſt
Of nouriſhment and reſt.

2.

I've ſent ſad thoughts to be exil'd
I'th' broker of Oblivions book:
I vow I will give o're, & range about no more,
To ſeek for glory, pomp or gold;
All time thus ſpent we ſpill,
Inſatiate ſouls to fill.

World

3.

World, I have tri'd thee, and I ſee
The frailty of thy temper ſuch,
As ſecretly deludes each fancy that intrudes
On that ſuppoſed good of thee.
Far off you promiſe much,
Yet crumble by each touch.

4.

Why then (dull fate) ſhould I deſire
To wait upon thy wavering heels?
I know thy wanton tricks, alas thou canſt not fix
More then the mettal in the fire:
Who, ere thy goodneſs feels,
It ſlips away like Eeles.

5.

My aſpiration at the Throne,
My dartings at Nobility,
My labour for the word of Worſhip, or my Lord,
Shall fall into Oblivion.
Gooodneſs is alter'd in mine eye,
Worms take it, what care I.

6.

Place me but on the jovial joint
Of *Bacchus* his fraternal crew,
There we will govern point by point:
Wee'l drink deep healths to you,
And make no more ado.

12. *The Suit.*

AH me, *Roſella*! what doſt meane?
Muſt I weane
From thee mine eyes away ſo quick?
Can one glance
Ere advance
Future hopes, or a dance
To remain in my breaſt? I am ſick.

2.

I am deeply ſick of love;
Come, remove
Theſe miſts away by thy bright face:
You can ceaſe
(If you pleaſe)
The rage of my diſeaſe;
'Tis your ſweet preſence doth it chaſe.

3.

Have you a heart to teare and rent
My content?
Is this the rhetorick of your zeale?
Have you vow'd
To be proud?
'Cauſe Nature you indow'd
With beauty both to kill and heale?
Oh ſtay and doe not leave the City:
Heale me for love or elſe for pity.

13. *Loves beſt object.*

1.

SOme ſay, that they
Will onely love where beauty lies:
But ſure ſuch lovers loſe their way,
And *Cupid* blinds their ſlippery eyes;
Such gilded love
Unfixt will prove,
And various as the weather.
For look when beauty doth decay,
Then it and love will die together.

2.

Some ſay, that they
To wealthy girles will onely ſhare
Their hungry ſoules, but theſe (I ſay)
Deceitfull ſons of *Venus* are:
For the intent
Of him that's bent
Unto ſuch baſe affection,
Is rather riches to enjoy
Then vertuous parts, or good complection.

3.

Some ſay, that they
Will onely turn their wandring eyes,
And ſtragling ſpirits to obey

The Nymphs of *Pallas*, grave and wiſe.
Such love as this
Moſt noble is,
And highly to be priſed:
But make not wit your only prey,
If you by me will be adviſed.

4.

Some ſay that they
At Vertues center only ſhoot:
And ſuch as theſe might find the way
To happineſs, if they would do't.
But yet (alas)
Aſide they paſs,
And miſapply their prizes;
For thoſe that vertues be (they ſay)
By trial prove but rotten vices.

5.

But now, I vow
I'le tell you how it's beſt to love.
Love vertue, wealth, wit, beauty too;
And this will not unhappy prove.
How bright and clear
Shall ſhe appear,
To a judicious lover,
Who in his apprehenſions may,
Theſe (clearly) all in one diſcover?

14. *To our Mistresses.*

1.

LAdies, expell your formal tricks,
Whereby you wrong your longing nature;
Strip ye your selves, and scorn to mix
Such masks and myst'ries in the creature.
Cog ye, and quibble, and do what ye car
Ye are created for the use of man.

2.

Why do ye flinch, and bend your brows,
When we demand if ye are willing
To wait on *Venus*? each man knows
Your flesh doth lust, and asks fulfilling.
Fain, flatter, and do what ye can,
Ye are created for the use of man.

3.

We know your natures, and desire,
Which you conceal with modesty:
We know the thing you most require,
In soft pretences sweetly you deny.
We know you labour all you can
To sport, and dally, and embrace with man.

4.

Since then in man you so delight;
Since he's the summe of your affection;

Since 'tis for him your fancies fight,
And make inteſtine inſurrection,
Caſt by your coyeſt veiles, and then
Preſent your naked bodies unto men.

5.

Pine not away with inward fire,
Waſte not your beauty with pretence;
Wrong not (with ecchoes) your deſire,
Nothing but ſorrows ſpring from hence.
Caſt by your blankets once agen,
Preſent your perſons unto naked men.

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15. *An Epithalme.*

1.

GOe, goe to bed, brook no delay,
The Curfew-Saints-bell calls away,
Let *Mars* with *Venus* freely play.

2.

Be gone, be gone, let modeſty
Not check your fancies, but enjoy
Theſe nuptiall pleaſures legally.

3.

Doll, draw the curtains, let the eyes
Of day be dark, leſt ſhe ſurprize
Theſe (dove-like) ſporting Didymies.

Let

4.

Let ſtupid *Morpheus* be exil'd,
Till (arme in arme) you both compil'd
Have laid down earneſt for a child.

---

16. *The Compariſon.*

HAve you beheld the Apple-trees
How they will moulder by degr
In luke-warm Autumn, and how ba e
In winter time their bodies are?
Then they are dead, but when the ſpr
Her plant-reviving bell ſhall ring,
Theſe withered trees begin again
To dreſſe themſelves, and all the trai
Of ſapleſſe ſuckets that were dead,
With verdure will b'invelloped.
So 'tis with my faire *Roſe*, for ſhe
But now ('cauſe with frigiditie
She's toucht) ſeem'd dul and dead; but when
Loves ſpring returns, ſhe'l love agen;
So that the tender plant and tree
With my bleſt *Roſes* love agree:
Onely they differ in the time,
(Which makes her vertue more ſublime)
The trees receive reviving power
But once a year, ſhe every houre.

17. *Man.*

1.

POor Man,
Why boasts he thus?
It is but for a spanne
That hee must tarry here with us.
Can he his dayes recall? or can he reine
Times nimble Steeds, and call them back again?

2.

He bragges,
And takes delight
T'unfold the tattered flagges
Of his own vertues, in the sight
Of every eye: but there is no reflection
Of his owne eyes to his owne imperfection.

3.

Within
A calm of rest,
Deceitful peace doth win
The flexile byas of his breast,
To dote on earth: but she disbands her power,
And loses all her glory in an houre.

4.

A breath
Produces Joy,
Another, woes or death.
Thus he 'twixt hope and fear doth lie,
His sweets are mixt with sowers, and his glory's
As apt to varie as the Childe of *Doris*.

5.

5.

Hee's croſt,
Diſturb'd, and vext;
Hurried, enrag'd, and toſt
By louzy Fortune, and perplext,
While he has life; and yet he loaths to heare
Deaths doleful Bell-man jangling at his eare:

6.

By life,
(Which he adores,
Which to preſerve there is ſuch ſtrife;
And for that end, in's fleſh he ſtores
Deaths Antidotes) he is deceiv'd (alas)
It often proves the greateſt foe hee has.

7.

Hee's loſt,
But tell me why:
'Tis thus, becauſe he'l boaſt
Of Earth, and Earths felicity;
His judgement's blinded, and he thinks amiſs,
Like prick-ear'd *Midas*. Hee is loſt in this.

8.

By death
Good ſouls of glory
Receive a joyful ſheath;
Yet talk of death, he hates the ſtory:
And what's the reaſon? why the reaſon's clear,
'Tis 'cauſe he dreams there is no heaven but here.

18. *On the renowned*, Mary Villers, *Dutchesse of Richmond*, &c. *An Acrostick.*

M ost reverend Madam (in whose sacred breast
A ll vertue dwells, and heavens wealth doth rest)
R eceive these feeble raptures, which aspire
T our worth t'imblazon, and your parts admire.

V illers (thou darling of that light divine,
I n whom thy Maker and his grace doth shine)
L ong mayst thou live, long mayst thou reign in
L ong may thy vertues thrive & never cease. (peace
E arly and late, may all the Saints attend thee;
R ich robes of Glory may the Angels lend thee;
(*S* weet soule) and 'tis my prayer, Let God defend
(thee

---

19. *The Acrostick reduplicate.*

M ight I but worship, and the Idoll free,
A h Madam, thou shouldst be my Deity.
R eligion, breeding, birth, renown and worth,
T ea every ornament *Villers* holds forth.

V ast is our theme, as though the Gods intended
I n thee the pride of nature should be mended.
L ove is thy Lacquey, Modesty thy Child,
L ewdnesse thy foe, and every vice exil'd:
E ternall blisse is thy prepared prize.
R ule thou as Goddesse in the earths disguise,
S o shall my soule become thy sacrifice.

The

20. *The degrees of Bacchus.*

HEre I will cloſely ſtand to my devotion,
And wil not ſtir til we have dreyn'd the ocean.
ere Ile commence brave matters, and aſpire
Bacchus ſchoole, till I can climb no higher,
awer attend me with a cheerfull cheek,
nd doe not let my liquor be to ſeek:
r if thou doſt, vile brat, (by *Jove*) I tell ye,
mortifie thy bones into a jelly.

The 1. *Glaſſe.*

nah, what is this? the biting of a flea
nto a Beare, a drop unto the ſea.
ull rogue, recrute my cup, fill up the pot,
ep nothing void, nature admits it not.
ſt thou not heard it on *Apollo*'s drum,
atura non admittit vacuum?
pply, ſupply me with another quick;
his is devoured even at a lick.

2.

gain, again recrute, and do not ſmother
good beginning: help me with another;

3.

nd yet another, with a nimble hand.
uick, be obedient unto my command.

4.

heſe are but empty Prologues, you ſhall find
here is a Scene of honour lies behind.

5:

5.

All this is nothing to a dusty brain.
Rehearse thy duty, fill the glass again.

6.

So, now I taste it's nature, but (alas)
All this is nothing, fill the other glass.

7.

This whets the appetite, me thinks I find
Room for a volly coming yet behind.

8.

Now I could smile, and in a chearful tone
Sing out the praises of my sack alone.

9.

So, stay a little, and anon you'l see
Which is the strongest, or my wits, or thee
My brave Canary. No excess will grow
On either side. Cork-like, my wits they flow
Upon this liquor; and as that ascends,
So thrives my wit, and to the world extends.

10.

Brave Wine I vow, a Cordial to my heart:
Now I commence a Batchelor of Art.

11.

Now I am Master and a Doctor too;
Law, Physick and Divinity I'le shew
All in a volume. Here's the liquor'd Letter;
And being liquor'd it will work the better.
Here's Art refin'd, sweet Musick I have found;
My head strikes up, and all my brains dance roun
Here's Grammars Key, now I have undertook

ſpeak all tongues without a Conſtruing book.
ick and Rhetorick here recorded are;
e's every thing that's pleaſant and that's rare.

13.

that *Apollo* was but here to ſee
harmony betwixt my cups and me!
that proud *Hercules* ſtood here before me!
make him kneel, and tremblingly adore me.
uld he not ſhiver to behold me ſtand
th a full glaſs of Nectar in my hand;
with a hand full and a head full too?
d run away, and glad he ſcaped ſo.
ſt noble drink, how are my thoughts unſnar'd?
thinks I am a man of great regard.
w I conjecture that the world is mine;
ugh to ſee adverſity repine,
cauſe I flouriſh. Both the Turk and Pope
nd bare to me, both pleading (with ſmall hope)
r a poor penſion. O beloved Sack,
ving but thee, I've all, and do not lack.
re's wealth and riches, and here's beauty bright,
re's Vertue and her Ladies of delight.
re is the hand of *Midas*, (and that's much)
hich turneth all to gold that it doth touch.
ra is the pride of man, this makes ſmall odds
twixt our priviledges and the gods.
hen welcom Sack (brave Sack) with all my heart;
ith thee I'le live and die, and never part.
ow to the ſtars I go, and in my pride,
come a Deity beſtellifi'd,

With

With glittering Nymphs (*Diana*-like) that be
Set there on purpoſe to imbelliſh me.
From Pole to Pole my fancy flies, to clear
All inſurrections that are gathered there:
I diſpoſſeſs bold *Boreas*, and aſſwage
The ſtubborn ſallies of his ſturdy rage.
Clearing the air of gloomy clouds, and then
I'le kick down *Perſens* from his ſeat agen;
And take the ſloven that *Lucina* bears,
And pull him from his Miſtreſs by the ears.
And being mounted on her Chryſtal breſt,
There will I ſip my ſolace and my reſt.
In her ſweet bed of ſpices will I play
From day till night, and then from night till day.
Though *Venus* frown I care not, for I lack
No heart to daunt a foe, when fill'd with Sack.
There do I triumph in my glorie, for
I need not bow to each competitor.
But laugh to ſee how ſadly they repine,
And cannot climbe unto ſuch fate as mine.
There do I ſmile to ſee our Zealots creep
In clods of earth, half wake, and half aſleep,
Like crawling Tortoiſes; while I ariſe
Mounting aloft (like Eagles in the skies:)
Then welcome Sack, the only wings that carry
A ſoul into *Elyſium*, is Canary.

21. *Her Continence.*

TIs not the force o'th' golden ſhower,
That once ſo bounteouſly did poure
nto *Danae*'s lap, that can
lake my chaſte *Roſe* a Courteſan
o *Jupiter*; ſhe will not ſtay
ler motion (like *Atalanta*)
or th' golden Apples that are flung
rom th' Wardrobe of a flattering tongue.
lo, y' are miſtaken, ſhe is none
)f that ſlight mettal. Shee'l not owne
mooth Sycophanters; neither will
he ſlumber careleſly, until
Great *Jove* the thund'rer ſhall deſcend,
There being no one to defend
ler from the furies of ſuch fate,)
And as ſhe ſleeps, divirginate
The tender girl, as once (you know)
le did unto fair *Caliſto*:
And then (t' augment her firſt deſpair)
ransforms the Wench into a Bear.
Nor is ſhe like nights queen, that ſtept
And kiſt *Endimion* as he ſlept;
eaving her dear *Apollo* bright,
That ſtill reguilds her horns with light:
And leaves her own Celeſtial mirth
For the dull pleaſures on the earth.
No, no, my Roſe will never move

The

The ſteddy bias of her love
Like wav'ring Goddeſſes: 'tis ſhe
Exceeds them all in conſtancy.
And for thy ſake my conſtant *Roſe*,
The croſſeſt wind that ever blows
Shall not untwiſt that firm decree
That Heaven ſeal'd 'twixt thee and me.
If wealthy *Juno* ſhould preſent
Her ſelf with all th' Emolument
That e're ſhe had, I ſhould refuſe
Her riches, and take thee to chuſe.
If ſolid *Ceres* ſhould adorn
My granaries with heaps of corn,
Upon condition, that ſoon after
I'de wed my ſelf unto her daughter;
I'de heed her not: if *Pallas* ſhould
A Cabinet to me unfold
Of all her gemmes, I'de not diſmount
My love from *Roſe* on this account:
In *Roſe* there's *Juno*, *Pallas* too,
And there's a *Venus* fair and true;
Miſtake me not, *Roſe* is not baſe,
Shee's not in act there, but in face.
Therefore (dear *Roſe*) what e're betide us,
It ſhall but wound us, not divide us.

22. *The Soliloquy.*

I Have no riches, neither know
I where the Mines of Silver grow;
The golden age I cannot find,
Yet there is plenty in my mind.
'Tis wealth I crave, 'tis wealth that I require;
Yet there's no wealth to fill my vain deſire;
Nor hopes thereof to ſtill my craving lyre.

2.

What ſhall I do in ſuch a caſe?
I am accounted mean and baſe.
Both friends and ſtrangers frown on me,
'Cauſe I am gaul'd with poverty.
Well, let them frown, yet I will not lament,
Nor value them, though fortune has not lent
To me her bleſſings, yet I have content!

3.

Alas poor plant of low eſteem,
How baſe of thee the world doth deem?
I'me but an object, could my name
But once procure the wings of fame;
Then like *Apollo*, glittering in the ſkies
I'de ride triumphant, and I'de tympaniſe,
Daring the apples of all humane eyes.

4.

I, but I am not ſo ſublime
In parts and merits, as to clime
Into the high terreſtrial ſtory

Of fame, triumph, renown, and glory:
Yet my content ſhall vanquiſh my diſeaſe.
Perhaps if I ſhould climb ſuch ſtairs as theſe,
(Like *Icarus*) I might ſalute the Seas.

5.

For glory has but waxen wings;
It's like the voice of one that ſings
A Prick-ſong ditty, now he yauls
With mounted voice, and then he falls:
So falls our fame, for cenſure will exile it,
And ill look't Envy quickly diſcompile it:
The leaſt diſaſter may at laſt defile it.

6.

I but poor worm, diſeaſes pierce
The thin and ſlender univerſe
Of my poor fleſh, weak fleſh, yet I
Can find no help nor remedy;
But yet I care not, there's a healthful wind.
Survey Philoſophy, and you ſhall find,
Sick fleſh is better then a ſickly mind.

7.

Then farewel care for carnal wealth,
For worldly fame, and fleſhly health:
Il'e uſe no Doctor, while I find
A wholſome temper in my mind.
I will not grieve, no fate ſhall make me vary
Both croſs and loſs ſhall be no adverſary,
Il'e waſh down all with glaſſes of Canary.

23. The Lovers form.

LAdy behold, a bruiſe that lies within
The folded carpet of our skin,
Will at the length be clearly found
To work it ſelf into a wound
That's viſible, and will be ſeen
Unto the eye both freſh and green:
Or like the ember-ſparks that lie
Rak't up in tenebroſity,
Which by degrees become a flame:
Even ſuch is Love; and mine's the ſame
To you fair Madam: Therefore know,
That as theſe ſparks of Love do grow
Within my breaſt, I muſt diſcover
My ſelf to be your faithful lover.
Nor do I ſpeak with feigned tongue,
Projecting at your ſmalleſt wrong,
For my intention's ſound and true;
(Lady) I'me deep in love with you.
Your vertues and your beauty joynd,
Have kindled love up in my mind:
And ſuch a flame that I am ſure
There's none beſide your ſelf can cure.
Therefore (ſweet Miſtreſs) do you pleaſe
By loving me again to eaſe
My wounded heart, which muſt be yours
While I am mine, or life endures.

24. *To my friends* R. A. I. *an Epithalme.*

BEloved Couple may the Gods
So rectifie you, that no odds
May ere distermine or divide
The Gordian knot which ye have ti'd.
Let earnest frownings ne're unfashion
Your calm conten', nor raise your passion.
May all your acts and postures be
Of *Cupids* brave Artillery:
And may the greatest of your strife
(While you shall breath the breath of life)
No greater be, but that a cup
Of kissing lips may take it up.
Long may you live, long may you be
The darlings of felicity.
With health and wealth may fate salute ye,
As well as nature did with beauty.

---

25. *Another.*

BRight stars of beauty, and more bright
In every vertue: Since your light
Is joyn'd and mingled, I will pray
To *Jove* and *Juno* that there may
Be no Ecclipse, nor breach of love
To hide your glories, or to move
Your peaceful bosom. whilst you be

By Heaven allow'd this unity.
O 'tis my wiſh, and my deſire,
That every action ſhould conſpire,
And every power may comply
Even for your tranquillity.
Thus may you thrive, till ye inherit
The livelyhood your vertues merit.

---

26. *To Zoilus.*

1.

WHen I remember what mine eyes have ſeen,
And what mine ears have heard,
Concerning Muſes too too young and green;
And how they have been jeer'd:
T' expoſe my own I am afear'd.

2.

And yet this fear decreaſes, when I call
To my tempeſtuous mind,
How the ſtrong loines of *Phœbus* children all,
Have fall'n by cenſures wind:
And in their road what rocks they find.

3.

But then freſh thoughts my breaſt ſurpriſing, lend
More ſtripes of Eglantine:
For if with ſtrongeſt Muſes they contend,
And at ſuch wits repine;
Much more they'l ſtrike at mine.

4.

When snotty *Zoilus* his detested breed
Shall their dull fingers lay
Upon my volumes, and begin to read
Th' included lines, he'l say
I am but *Bacchus* boy.

5.

And what renowned rhymes can be expected
From him that's sopt in juyce
Of guzling *Aristippus*, and infected
With liquor too profuse?
His wits are drown'd in's cruse.

6.

Thus by my person he'l my Poems measure,
'Cause I am young and poor;
(And who can hinder't if it be his pleasure?)
He'l say my wit's no more,
And I his lash must feel therefore.

7.

Well, what of this, though in his furious rage,
With belching words he saies
I am a child, a child and under age,
Ith' non age of my days?
This addes the more unto my praise.

8.

But now to you, the lamps of humane wit,
And pillars of discretion;
That on the vertex of *Parnassus* sit,
Retaining full possession
Of prudence, far beyond expression:

You

9.

You that can pleaſe *Mecanas*, if you pleaſe;
And daily drink your fills
Of wit, by courting the *Pierides*,
Which do invite your quills
To move, as water turns the mills:

10.

If you but pleaſe to caſt your eys upon
The off-ſprings of my brain,
With cenſure ſoft; and ſee what I have done
With love, and not diſdain:
I have enough of joyful gain.

11.

And for reward, this promiſe I will give,
If ye will but incline
To tread within the limits where I live,
(Though all at me repine)
You ſhall be ſerv'd with noble wine.

12.

The which I'le boaſt of to tranſcend the drinks
Wherein the Gods delight:
Here's genuine Nectar, that's defil'd and ſtinks.
O here's a lovely golden bright;
A taſte that charms the appetite:

13

What though my drowzy Muſe is too too dull,
Wanting ſome grains of weight?
Yet Pipes they flow, and Hogſheads they are full
Of liquor pure and right,
To which I do you all invite.

14.

Excluding *Zoilus*, and his crazy crew
That fanci'd to conteſt
With *Vulcans* honeſt ſervant, 'cauſe there grew
No window in his breaſt.
Let them drink Ale and be unbleſt.

---

7. *The way to Wooe.*

1.

HE that would love, and gladly win
Th' objected ſcope of his affections;
Then let him not conceive 'tis ſin
T' attempt the mark by my directions.

2.

The God of love (you know) is blind,
Therefore cannot impartial be;
The ey's the window of the mind:
And who can p ize right if not ſee?

3.

Since then love's partial, and admits
No ſolid cenſure in the theme;
Lovers (like Apes) muſt ſhape their wits
To turn the bleweſt milk to cream.

4.

Nor muſt they want thoſe noble ſkills
Of Sophiſtry, whereby to winde
Their waxen words to match the wills,
Not of their own, but Ladies mind.

5.

If ne're ſo fond thy miſtreſs be,
Still be thou ſure t' adminiſter:
Though ſhe is pleas'd with foolery,
Say thou it's wiſdom, and aſſiſt her.

6.

If ſhe is proud, then praiſe her beauty,
And ſay thou fancieſt her attire;
Confeſs a world of needleſs duty;
The laws of Love ſupport a lyar.

7.

Let all the thundring Eccho's ſlip
(Though ſhe's the off-ſpring of diſgrace)
Through th' eaſie crannies of thy lip,
Her feign'd formoſity to blaze.

8.

If ſhe is wealthy, then adore
Her now and then with gifts of coſt;
For if ſhe finds thy preſent poor,
She'l ſlight thee, and thy labour's loſt:

9.

And who ſo fooliſh to deny
To ſet ſuch coſtly baits as may
Take fiſhes, whoſe validity
Will o're and o're his coſt repay?

10.

Great *Jove* muſt not preſume to ſee
Danae's beauty, nor unfold
Her lap, till in her boſom he
Hurls down a ſhower of gold.

If

11.

If she be fair, then use to kiss
Her lips (those gates of Paradise;)
Embrace her oft, remembring this,
Venus delights in veneries.

12.

When e're she's pleas'd to smile, although
Its at conceit, yet represent her;
And when she talks, do thou talk too:
Be thou to her as th' shade to th' center.

13.

Of stubbornness thou must be clear,
That thou mayst flee at her request:
Stand not at tearms, although it were
T' atchieve some plot thou dost detest;

14.

Only resist her still in this,
When she perswades thee not to love;
And look thou do it with a kiss,
Affirming thou wilt never move,

15.

Think nothing scorn that she desires;
For *Hercules* (have you not heard
The tale?) so glow'd in *Cupids* fires,
That for his Dear he'd spin and card.

16.

If then the God of vigor (who
Dislimb'd the Arcadian Boar,
And slew the Snakes of *Juno* too
That were design'd his sides to goar;)

Stoop

17.

Stoopt ſo ſubmiſſively, and bent
Himſelf ſo vile a ſlave to be:
Stoop thou alſo, and be content;
For if thou lov'ſt it ſuits with thee.

18.

Juſt as the Steel doth turn unto
The face of the magnetick power;
Even in your actions ſo muſt you
Incline unto your Paramour.

19.

If rhyming fancies rule her brains,
Accuſtom thou thy ſelf to ſing
Naſonian and ſoft *Phrygian* ſtrains,
Well mounted on the *Cyprian* wing.

20.

Make this thy labour, and aſpire
For ſtuff that may augment the flame;
And ſoon you'l ſet that breaſt on fire
Whereto your love-ſick arrows aime.

21.

The foes of Love are ſtubborn words,
Sad ſowring eyes, and lips that pout:
Theſe cut more ſharp then ſharpeſt ſwords,
And put your Ladies unto rout.

28. *Taylors.*

1.

TAylors and Wood-cocks both agree,
(But not in point of skills)
For both of them (we plainly see)
Do live by their long bills.

2.

The Taylors scrub, the Wood-cocks fly;
So both be quick and nimble:
The Wood-cock trusts unto his eye;
The Taylor to his thimble.

---

29. *Wisdom.*

THou matchless darling of the heavenly race,
Minerva decked and adorn'd with grace
And sacred beauty: thou that wilt not be
Devirginated by the proudest he
That e're assay'd with vigor or with tears:
I have consum'd the morning of my years
In wooing thee, yet am as far to win
Thy sacred love, as when I did begin.
I cleav'd the waters like a true *Meander*;
I sought thee here, and did pursue thee yonder;
Like poor *Alpheus* I have followed thee,
But *Arethusa* thou hast prov'd to me.
I cannot gain thee, neither can I rest

Till thou reſideſt in my longing breaſt.
How ſhall I win thee? how ſhall I obtain thee?
Thou glorious prize, what ſhall I do to gain thee?
Thou happy object, thou wilt not be ſold
For ſums of ſilver, or for heaps of gold.
The Indian Gems, or *Neptunes* Corals be
Of no eſteem, of no validity
To win this Paragon. 'Tis only *Jove*
That keeps her ſeated in his tower above,
That can procure her me; therefore I'le pray
Unto the King of Heaven, that I may
Be wiſe: Thou mover of Celeſtial motion,
Attend to my petition and devotion:
Thee I appeal to, under whoſe protection
Remains the Miſtreſs of my beſt affection.
I am in love, the object is thy daughter:
Long have I woo'd, and longer have I ſought her;
Long have I wiſht, and labour'd to obtain her;
But my ignoble perſon cannot gain her.
Do thou therefore be pleaſed to infuſe
My breaſt with her; do thou aſſiſt my Muſe
With heavenly wiſedom; for ſhe'l never be
Attain'd for me, if not infus'd by thee.

---

30. *The Mind.*

WHoſe mind ſhall I decipher? whoſe intent
Shall I now ſhadow out, or repreſent?
My own I cannot. And I think 'tis vain

To

To tell another's in a Dorick ſtrain
Of my invention. Minds are ſo unſtable,
That we may title them incomparable.
No art can ſhape them, they're ſo temporary,
That e're a thought can reach them they will va
Strange things they be; and who ſo e're intends
To tell a mind, what e're it comprehends
Muſt alſo treat of. And this theme's too ample
To be expounded, or admit example:
Both Earth and Heaven, Hell, Faith, Hope, and S
Yea, ev'ry creature is contain'd therein.
Have you e'e noted a prodigious cloud
In apparition; like a man? endow'd
With manly members? and the ſame appear
In the next moment, like a ſhagged bear;
Then (mov'd by *Æolus*) anon ſhe ſhapes
Her ſable vapor to ſome Jack an apes.
This ſhews the mind in part, but (pray obſerve)
This Cloud in Landskips *Zeuxes* well might carve
But the deformed *Centaures* that abide
Within the mind, cannot be typifi'd.
Suppoſe *Apelles* brings his Penſils out,
Prepares his ſundry paints, and goes about
T' attempt the thing, he'l come as far behind,
As though he were to Manacle the wind.
Alas, Man knows it not: and who can paint
A ſhadow of the thing he's ignorant?
Surely theſe knowing times and you ſcarce find
A man that rightly knoweth his own mind.

31. Th

31. *The Interruption.*

CAn I not wanton once a day
In her dark night-enlightning ray,
Or the pale foes of Love muſt be
Prepar'd to bark and bite at me?
Can we not ſpend an hour or two
(When we have nothing elſe to do)
Am'rous actions, bobs, and chocks,
And twiſting fingers in our locks,
Venerian glances, ſmiles and kiſſes,
And ſuch true harmleſs mirth as this is:
But on a ſudden, there muſt be
The clowniſh boars of enmity
Sent to diſtermine and divide us,
And be as rough as though th' had ſpi'd us
(Like *Zimri* and his mate) compact,
And join'd in ſome uncivil act?
Oh theſe are clowns, and ruſtick fools,
That ne're were taught loves golden rules:
And like the Dog that will not eat,
Nor let the Ox lick up the meat.
Thou God of Love, where e're thou art,
From theſe defend us with thy dart;
Bend thou thy bow, and uſe thy charms,
While I am rampant in her arms.

32. *The Requital.*

AND why did *Rose* incur such trouble,
As to reciprocate (this bubble)
A ring to him, who only sent
To her the vulgar complement
That Lovers to their Ladies send,
Or that which friend may do to friend?
Nor did I lard it with such words
As wanton feigned love affords.
It was no god of steel, intomb'd
With golden phrases; nor persum'd
With powdred oaths: The Herald knows
'T was only thus, *My love to Rose.*
And now my *Rose* upon this score,
Returns a Ring; what need I more?
I but alas, I cannot flatter,
Her love I value more then th' matter
Expressing it; though she presented
Me with this Ring, I'm not contented
So much as though her lips should move
Thus, pray salute him with *my Love.*
I, here's a token, if but true,
What pleasure might from hence accrue?
This is a wealth would please me more
Then all the gold oth' Indian shore:
I weigh not gold, when I remember
That glowing spark, that secret ember,
That true *Idalean* coal that burns

Roſe's breaſt, and freely turns
me (its *Magnet*;) this is joy,
e ſum of my felicity.
erefore ſweet Herald, uſe to bring
ve Letters rather then a Ring;
ough love by tokens is expreſt,
t of all tokens love's the beſt.

---

33. *The Dream.*

1.

Laſt night my ſenſes being lockt,
Fond *Brize* came and boldly knockt
Againſt my fancy gate:
nd in her wanton arms ſhe brought
(As with a ſtrong deſire I thought)
The Empreſs of my fate.

2.

ho blu hing ſtood before my face
(As twere expecting my embrace)
Her boſom being nak't:
hen Panick fear, and pleaſant hope
t once into my ſpirits crope,
And mov'd me till I quak't.

3.

mov'd this query in my breaſt;
't *Roſe* in earneſt or in jeſt?
The Jury prov'd it ſhe.
hen I with furious faith begun

Towards this glorious prize to run;
But reason bridled me.

4.

Stay, stay, (she said) there is no reason
Thou shouldst fall on, for it is treason;
Therefore bold youth return:
But love, which reason doth exceed,
Nay stronger then my self indeed,
So furiously did burn

5.

Within the chimney of my breast,
That I was quite bereft of rest,
Till in my arms I felt her;
Then with a vigorous haste I rusht
Upon the girl (who wept and blusht)
Thinking t' have purchast shelter.

6.

But when I came into the station
(With equity pray poize my passion)
Where she appear'd to me,
I found a stock which neither mov'd
Its bulk, nor breath'd; alas it prov'd
Her shape, it was not she,

---

34. *The Change.*

I Once thought solace had been bound to serve
My will for ever, 'cause she us'd to carve
Such mellow morcels to my sense, when I

Sup

pt at the table of mine infancy.
hen firſt I entred on this mortal ſtage,
halleng'd peace and pleaſure as my page;
y heart ſwom light, cleaving the glorious ſeas
f conſolation, bliſs, content and eaſe,
ith ſuch fair gales, that I thought common pleaſure
as mine ſucceſſively, my fathers treaſure
hich he transferr'd to me; but now I find
is as apt to vary as the wind.
hen I was lull'd in the indulgent arms
f my dear nurſe, and tickled by her charms,
knew no doubt, nor did I fear the danger
f future chance; bad fortune was a ſtranger
nto my ſenſe; I little thought to ſee
he diſmal furies now tormenting me.
ate promis'd fairly, when ſhe us'd to bring
ach hour a meſs to me well reliſhing.
ut now her bounty is ſo poor and ſlender,
hat I can gueſs her but a meer pretender.
nt let her do her worſt, now I aſſure ye,
weet Sack hath ſet me up above her fury.

35. *The Miſtake.*

'TVVas long of *Midas* who inſpir'd
Me with partiality, and injur'd
My clearer judgement, elſe I had
Not made loves Archery ſo bad;

Again to me my darts did glide
Too too ſublimely, and too wide.
I levell'd with mine eye-ſight aim
Toward the center of a Dame,
Whom fortune had with dowries bleſt,
And ſanctity it ſelf expreſt;
Whom natures ſeal had ſigned pretty,
And noble practiſe prov'd her witty.
All theſe I aim'd at, and I thought
To have enſnar'd them, and have caught
Them for my prey: but ſhe deni'd,
And when I ſhot ſhe ſlipt aſide;
When I ſaid I, ſhe anſwered no,
And would not bend unto my bow:
When ere I urg'd her to explain
Her mind, ſhe pinch't me with diſdain.
No ſmiles, but frownings waited on
Her ſharp reſponſes, whereupon
I did commence to ruminate,
If theſe were not the ſigns of hate.
And in my ſearch I proved theſe
To be the true *Antipodes*
To my intent: then did I pauſe
Upon this hate-producing cauſe
In this fair object. But the queſt
Of reaſon ſitting in my breaſt,
Did ſoon convince my faith of this,
That my love-darts were ſhot amiſs.
Herein (ſaid they) your folly lies:
You aim'd at her, and ſhe was wiſe;

Therefore in vain your darts incline,
Prudence with folly will not join.

36. *The Encomium.*

MY mind has mov'd me oft to praiſe
Roſella's beauty, but her rayes
Recall'd my Muſes, and enjoyn'd
My well and ill prepared mind
To curb theſe praiſes, ere they ſprung
From my ſoft quill, or ſofter tongue.
For reaſon (not the prop alone,
But Baſis wiſedom ſtands upon)
Hath re-inform'd me that ſhe lack't
No verbal or external act
To patch her cheeks with, or repair
The treſſes of her golden hair.
Where all the fuel is on fire,
There needs no breath to raiſe it higher.
A ſtomach fill'd with dainty meats
Diſgeſts not what it after eats.
Then pardon (*Roſe*) my ſilent quill,
Which fancies not to ſuperfill
Your theme with praiſes, which you neither
Deſire, wi h, want or fancy either.
I'le not deſcribe thy crimſon bluſh;
Joves pureſt Nectar needs no buſh:
But I will praiſe the courſer ſort
That need it, and will thank me for't.

37. *Three Friends.*

1.

THeer certain friends (whom fortune did exp
To many harms and dangers,
And circumvented with a world of foes;
Some neighbours, others ſtrangers,)

2.

VVell bleſt with vigour, and prepar'd with arms,
And ſtedfaſtly conjoin'd
VVith reſolution to oppoſe all harms,
VVith one entire mind.

3.

(Their minds thus melted into one) they went
VVith fury, to reſiſt
Each ſtop that ſtood their projects to prevent,
And each Antagoniſt.

4.

Nor did ſucceſs prove poorer unto theſe,
Then 't was fore-doom'd to do:
For many a one they ſhackled by degrees,
And many a one they ſlew.

5.

Nor did their thirſty ſwords forbear to ſpill
The vitals of their foes;
Nor ſheath their bloody jaws in ſcabbards, till
There was no more t' oppoſe.

6.

Now all is won, and every prize their own,

The trine is ſweetly bleſt
(All the extinſick trouble being gone)
VVith native peace and reſt.

7.

But pride (the darling of good fortune) ſprung
(Arm'd with deſire of ſtrife)
Theſe glorious Champions, and theſe friends among;
And ſpoil'd their friendly life.

8.

Nor would it vaniſh, till it had untwiſted
The knots once love had ti'd;
And now each friend his boſom-friend reſiſted,
till they were all deſtroy'd.

The Moral.

THeſe truſty friends three Nations were, well
To be ſubordinate to a ſingle Crown; (known
And while they lov'd, the world could not out-vie
But their inteſtin hate did ſoon deſtroy them. (them;
Intrinſick ſtrife, and home-bred contradiction,
Are the next road to ruine and affliction.

---

38. *The Apology.*

DOſt thou admire to ſee my rhimes,
Accoſt thine eyes ſo oftentimes?
Pray tell me, can the tender lambs

Forget to bleat unto their dams?
Or can the babe refrain its tongue
To wag to her from whence it ſprung?
Can it withhold its childiſh ſtrife
From her that did indow't with life?
No, no, it cannot; neither will
My muſe be ſilent, nor my quill
Refrain its chattering unto you,
From whom my Muſes breath accrew.
Had your refulgent rayes ne're ſhone
(With inſtigative power) upon
My dull *Urania*, ſhe had been
Unknown, unskilful, and unſeen.
Oft your own luſtre did inſpire
Me with an active power, and then
(Like ſouls) ſhall I not turn agen
To my Creator? mark the flame,
Aſcends not it from whence it came?
No wonder then if you behold
My Muſes oft to be ſo bold
To buz beneath your eye-beams, ſeeing
You are the author of their being.

---

39. *The Encouragement.*

1.

WHat power affronts our zeal, or who ſhal
As a ſad *Gnomon* 'cwixt thy ſelf & me? (ſtand
Art thou not mine? and doſt thou not command

Me

Be at thy pleaſure by authority?
Since then our hearts are link't, who ſhall pre-
Or break the tenets of our true intent? (vent

2.

Be thou but loyal, and it is no matter
Though I be carbonado'd for thy ſake;
Though our beleaguerers many a time ſhall batter
That Chryſtal Tower of thine, yet they ſhall take
No inward prize, nor 'twixt us interpoſe;
Be but our hearts true, and we'l fear no foes.

3.

Be not too much dejected, though th' art forc't
To wait and linger for loves full repaſt.
The more our ſtomachs long, the more they faſt,
The dearer will our dainties be at laſt.
The longer a hot fever in thee burns,
The ſweeter is thy health when it returns.

4.

Then baniſh doubtings of diviſion, from
The promontories of thy ſilver breaſt,
(Thoſe fair Belconies of *Elyſium*,
Where Heaven's Nectar and Ambroſia reſt)
Each crabbed Guerdion, by his pureſt arts,
Shall but divide our bodies, not our hearts.

---

40. *The requeſt to walk.*

SOl has prepared every grove,
Fit manſions for retired love.

Come

Come let us walk therein, and see
VVhich shine the brightest, they or thee.
Come, come, there is no secret spy,
No bastard of Antipathy
To *Cupids* Cordials, that may leere
Among the whistling trees, to hear
Our soft discourses, and there is
None to upbraid us when we kiss.
The feather'd train will gladly sing,
And in their order they will bring
Fresh warbling Sonnets, and advance
Their mellow Musick, while we dance
To their serene and sprightly charms,
VVith hand in hand, and arms in arms.
Speak then, where shall we dance a round?
On *Sylvan's* floor, or *Ceres* ground?
Or with *Priapus* shall we play?
Speak now, and chuse the best you may.

The Answer.

THe thorny back't and rough *Sylvanus*
Shall not refresh nor entertain us:
Nor withered *Ceres*, 'cause the plow
Has made long furrows on her brow:
But 'tis *Priapus* I desire,
There we will play until we tire.

41. *The self-check.*

MY chaster Muses freely are inclin'd,
To wish thee to be wary:
Lest by temptation, thou shouldst be enjoyn'd
(Like *Cloris*) to miscarry.
But pardon me, I doubt not in the least,
Because you would not fall at my request.

---

42. *The Advise.*

1.

I Am big-belli'd with desire
To court thine ears with admonition,
Lest thou art melted by the fire
Of such as unto thee petition

2.

To crop thy Virgin blooms, and then
Will leave the branches bare and base:
Of such licentious greedy men
As leave poor Ladies in disgrace;

3.

Who (*Jason*-like) will never spare
To spoil the cask, so they can get
What Jewels it includeth rare;
Ev'n for the Gem spoil th' Cabinet.

4.

Attend not to Mercurian lips,

Gay raiment, or *Atalanta's* balls,
If once thy foot in publick slip,
Thousands will lurk to give thee falls.

5.

And this sage counsel I bequeath
You for your good, because I see,
By the inticement of a breath,
You fell so gently down for me.

---

43 *The Blush.*

WEll may she sigh and blush to see
My love-dri'd cheeks how pale they be.
For her light love, and lean reward
Of my affection, leans so hard
Upon my vitals, that it strains
The crimson tincture from my veins,
And leaves my cheeks to be the right
Type of the Lady of the night.
But stay fond Muses, sure you err,
She wrongs not you, but you wrong her,
For if the slender Love that freez'd
In torid *Zone* of her, had squeez'd
The tincture from my cheeks, sure then
She would have gilded those agen,
By the continual blush and blaze
That darts (like *Pean*) from her rayes.
Her tongue's the mintage, I the coin;
And as she speaks, this heart of mine

s formed, as the ſignets be
To wax, ſo are thy words to me:
If then her words can wreſt my nature,
Her bluſh may burniſh my dull feature.
I, but the weakneſs of her love
Doth ſtill perſwade her to remove,
And vail her cheeks: ſo that the cauſe
Which from my face the tincture draws,
Doth alſo hinder and debar
My pined viſage from repair.
Why then ſuppoſe thy ſelf a fly,
So mayſt thou buz beneath her eye;
Then her hot eyes or fragrant breath
May ſcortch or ſtifle me to death.
Oh that were beſt of all! 'tis better fate
To die Loves Martyr, then to live in hate.

---

44. *The Proteſt.*

1.

LAdy, let not a tear trickle down or appear
In your eye,
To conceive I ſhould leave
My affecting of you till I die.

2.

May the Bell never toll as a foy to my ſoul
When it flies
From its urn, to return
To the place whence it came, o're the skies,

3. May

3.

May the Sun never ſhine on this forehead of mine
VVhile I breath,
If that I e're deny
To adore and to love thee till death.

4.

May the horrible itch, or the ghoſt of a witch
Torture me
If I prove to remove
My engagements (fair Lady) from thee.

5.

But why ſhould I ſpeak, that have no force to breed
My deſign?
For as well may I ſell
My own life, as forbear to be thine.

6.

Can the water remove from beneath to above
VVithout art?
No, you know it cannot ſo:
No more can I alter my heart.

7.

Can the day light go out, while the Sun goes about
In the Sphear?
No, you know 't cannot ſo:
No more can my zeal to my Dear.

8.

Th' art Queen of my ſoul, and haſt force to controul
Each decree:
For alas! even as
Steel to the Loadſtone, ſo I am to thee.

Since

9.

Since then there's no force can divide or divorce
Us in twain,
Throw aſide peeviſh pride,
While I kiſs thee again and again.

10.

Let us wantonly play, kiſs and clip while we may,
Without ſcorn;
For if we merry be
Over night, I'le not leave thee i'th' morn.

---

45. *The Item.*

WHat! always grumbling, always whining?
Still ſuming, raving, and repining?
What ails my brat to be ſo pettiſh,
So croſs, ſo peeviſh, and ſo frettiſh?
Curſt Cur, what makes thee thus? I ſay,
Why weareſt thou thy ſelf away
On macerating envies wheel?
What inward mover doſt thou feel?
Or is it ought that dwells in me
That does extort thy voice and thee?
Sure then I'le ſay, and yet I will not flout thee,
The Devil's in thee, or thy wit's without thee.

46. *The Maids Soliloquie.*

1.

YOu Virgins of the Queen of Lovers,
Come and consult with me a while;
Help me to chase this bird that hovers
About my breast, into exile.
Shew me a way
Whereby I may,
In stead of sighing, take delight to smile.

2.

What though he's gone, in wrath departed?
Shall I for ever more lament?
No, I will not be so faint-hearted;
It shall not cause me to repent,
Though he has left
Me, and bereft
Me of his love, yet I have my content.

3.

When in his arms I was confined,
A jealous frenzy vext my brain;
And I each moment was enjoined
To feel the sting of *Cupids* pain:
For then I thought I had been caught;
But now my heart's become mine own again.

4.

If it were needful I should marry;
I need not labour for a lad;
But I will rather chuse to tarry,

lest some should think that I were mad:
For when I wed,
My joyes are fled,
And all my good dayes will be turn'd to bad.'

5.

'And since his absence greatly eases
Me of my sorrows and my care,
Pray let him wander where he pleases,
And not return till I despair:
The which shall be
When you shall see
Both Towns and Castles builded in the air.'

---

47. *The Dialogue.*

Quest. WHat mean those golden locks
About *Rosella's* head?

Answ. These shew in what bewitching flocks
Thy heart lies fettered.

Q. Why is her lofty brow so fair,
(Like *Eurus* cheek) so red?

A. 'Tis her blush, and doth declare
Where modesty is bred.

What means that moisture that appears
In her bright eyes like Pearl?

A. It signifies how Cyprian tears
Flew dayly from the girl.

Q. Wherefore does she withdraw her eyes
When I accost her beams?

A. Because her rayes should not annoy
Thy sight by their extreams.

Q. And wherefore does her crimson hue
So often change and vary?

A. O 'tis a Herald sent to you,
To wish you to be wary.

Q. What ailes her lips more hard to be
Then Coral, or the Rubie?

A. This shews the clownishness of thee,
For thou art but a boobie.

Q. Pray tell me more apparently
Wherein the truth of this is?

A. Because you do not mollifie
Them by your moistning kisses.

Q. What mean those knots upon her breast,
And pray what is their duty?

A. Wh

Why feeble art is here expreſt
To wait on natures beauty.

What mean her hands to look ſo white,
As though they were of ſnow?

This ſhews that love is cold and light,
Which in her heart doth grow.

Fond youth thou lyeſt, and 'tis but thy pretence,
I can refute thee by experience.

48. *The Times.*

1.

MY heart, alas, is ever dying,
And yet is never dead:
Like ful-iblown Dames I lie out-crying,
Yet am not brought to bed.

2.

A calm, they ſay, ſucceeds a ſtorm;
Alas, why I beleeve it:
And good is alſo chac't by harm,
Which dayly lurks to grieve it.

3.

Some unhappy news to day
Tranquillitie's exil'd:
And all my joyes conſume away,
And thus I am beguil'd.

4.

Perhaps anon this rigid act
Is by the court repeal'd:
And then I am with pleasures back't,
And all my wounds are heal'd.

5.

But this is that which ne're endures
Above a day at most:
Some cruel jog doth lance my cures,
And all my joyes are lost.

6.

To day here's murder, theft to morrow,
And scandal he comes after:
These are the grounds of wise mens sorrow,
But to the foolish, laughter.

7.

Here's *Tereus* bedded with his sister
Ith' midst of all the throng;
And when he had defil'd and kist her,
He rob'd her of her tongue.

8.

Here's *Irus* hang'd for stealing bread,
Though rob'd of his arrears:
And here is *Crœsus* perjured,
Yet he can keep his ears.

9.

Here is *Lycaon* fiercely slaying
His guests, and yet goes free:
And here are Saints in Temples praying,
As ill design'd as he.

10. He

10.

ere's *Zoilus* railing at the times,
As though he did deteſt them:
et notwithſtanding *Zoilus* rhimes,
He cloſely can digeſt them.

11.

or need he rail at them ſo much;
For they would never be
o wicked, were it not for ſuch
Unconſtant fools as he.

---

49. *Put the caſe,*

F Whores and Rogues were link't together,
'Twould be a brave conjunction;
nd oyled with the oyl of leather,
'Twould be a curious unction.
f *Mars* ſhall move in *Venus* ſphear,
What alteration might we fear?

2.

f I ſhould love and be neglected,
What would become of me?
f the French Pox had thee infected,
What would become of thee?
f *Cupid* cuts *Alceſte's* Corns,
May not *Admetus* fear the Horns?

3.

f Time with his long ſithe ſhould mow
Death down, and make him die:

Then

Then Reader but imagine, oh
What blades were thee and I?
If this were so, in stead of peace,
Both men and malice would encrease,

4.

If the first mover of the Orbs
Should chance to fall asleep,
The Scottish Knight, Sir *Arthur Forbs*,
Could hardly shear his Sheep.
Or if *Apollo* close his eye,
What light would you see Planets by?

5.

If thou and I were both as one,
Endow'd with worldly riches,
If thou keep Whores, and I keep none,
Who first might pawn his breeches?
If *Nimrod* steals *Diana's* Deer,
Has not *Apollo* cause to fear?

---

50. *The Ramble.*

GO home loose thoughts, y' have seen enough
Your pleasure's burnt unto a snuff:
What you conceiv'd your lasting prize,
Now proves a vapor in disguize.
Now you have rambled out your swing,
You find the world is no such thing
As you suppos'd, when you were wont
Only to stand and gaze upon't.

low many friendships were profest?
low many fawners did contest
o wait on me, while I was stay'd,
nd kept me close unto my trade?
h what pretences, what a brood
f promises to do me good!
hese puft me up, and did invite
ly fancy to some fresh delight;
hought I, I'le try the world, and see
starting out will better me;
le change the course of my estate,
nd fall upon some newer fate.
h foolish brain! though some indeed
eek out new fortunes, 'tis for need;
hen th' old's so poor 'twill not maintain them,
hen to seek out it doth constrain them.
ut he that's fixt well, he is worse
hen mad, in altering of his course;
he follie's mine. Abroad I went,
nd many a silver spill I spent,
nd I was welcome while it lasted;
ut being gone my pleasure blasted:
nd they that courted me before
nto their favours, now give o're,
nd have so moulded their condition,
hat they regard not my petition:
While I had silver, there would be
No want of good societie,
uch pleasant words did me assail
s use to court men into Jail.

I was a sweet young man, they said,
And did deserve as sweet a maid.
Bless him and's fortunes, prudent youth;
And I must be a Saint forsooth.
Pox take their Worships, but no matter,
This Ramble makes my knowledge fatter.
I find all pleasures are but vain;
Therefore I will go home again.

---

51. *The Desertion.*

WAs I bewitch't or drunk when I essay'd
To change my function, & forsake the tr
The sacred trade of Nectar, which maintains
Our consolation, and supplies our brains
With springs of Wit; and fall into the sphere
Of sullen Ale, and sense-afflicting Beer?
Was e're such folly acted in our school?
Could e're good fellowship breed such a fool?
But stay a little, let me plead excuse,
Else I am lavish in my own abuse;
'Twas not the Beer alone invok'd me hither;
But 'twas the Widdow and the Beer together.
The Wine inflam'd my spirits, and 'tis common
When *Nectar's* regent, to accost a woman.
But soon the woman did my fancy tire,
And then again for Wine was my desire.
Hence we may note that women, in the taste,
Suffice our will, such pleasures will not last

Abo

ove a night or two; but he that uses
streams of Wine to mollifie his Muses,
never cloy'd (his solace knows no sorrow)
r he that's drunk to day loves VVine to morrow.

52. *Adonibezeck.*

GOod deeds deserve requitals, and the men
That strike unjustly, must be struck agen
With their own weapons; & from hence it comes,
hat proud *Adonibezeck* lost his Thumbs.

53. *Donec eris fælix.*

1.

WHat peevish planet did the heavens sway
When I was born? what star did rule the day
Of my untimely birth? it neither lends
Me wealth nor friends.

2.

Why was I born? wherefore did not my mother
Comply with death? death, why didst thou not smo-
Me in that womb? then had my body been (ther
At rest unseen.

3.

Unnatural father, why didst thou deny
To leave me maintainance? couldst thou not buy
Some grand fee-simple? hadst thou but done so,
I'de known no foe.

4. Had

4.

Had this been done, no question but thy son
(Whose state proud Fortune now derides) had w
The day of triumph, and advanc't his fame,
And fathers name.

5.

Why didst thou give me learning? why didst thou
Not bring me up to labour at the plow?
This is the road to riches, t' other brings
Contrary things.

6.

Carnal discretion tells me, had I bent
My youth to purvey for emolument,
I had been happy in the thing which sends
Both fame and friends.

7.

But now (poor abject) I must needs incline
To friends: O *Crœsus*, if I were but thine,
'Twere great encouragement; Oh let me be
Partner with thee.

8.

But stay a little, I must not intrude
Into his secret Counsels, he'l exclude
My sense from thence, and charge me to be gone
To *Helicon*.

9.

I want an equal portion to compare
With his vast treasure, he will never care
To entertain me, if I cannot swim
In wealth with him.

10. I

10.

...ust forsake his dainties, and go feed
...y fond desires on the barren weed
...at's on *Parnassus*; there's my pleasure, there
Lies all my cheer.

11.

...t hold my Muse, I'le lock thee in my trunk,
...t they that see thee say my Muse is drunk:
...rown not thy self with madness, thou canst rise
Above the skies.

12.

...ck is thy sustenance, didst ever know
...Bacchanalian vapor sink so low
...s sorrow dwells? no misery can be
Known unto thee.

13.

...et must I pity those unhappy boyes
...hat juggle with *Maecenas* for the bayes
...f vain applause; whose lottery is to lie
In misery.

14.

...Wit they have plenty, but we seldom know
When wit and riches both together flow
...n the same font; Fate (mortals tickliſh guide)
Doth them divide.

15.

...our waxen-winged verses will dissolve
...n time of want; then censure will revolve
...our fame i'th' bowels of contempt, and drown'd
You, once renown'd.

16. Are

16.

Are you in prison? tell me, can you pierce
The gates and wickets by a measur'd verse?
Can your own fancy bail you, can you be
For crimes set free?

17.

Where's all your friends? perhaps one sayes I kn
I've seen his person, I have read his Poem.
All wish him well, but which man goes about
To help him out?

18.

But now you Poets, if you would have friends,
First learn ye to be happy, else your ends
Are all in vain; and when you happy be,
Remember me.

---

54. *The Souldier and his Mistress.*

So. HArk, hark (my Paragon) the trumpet sound
The foaming horse come pra[illegible]o're th
The noise of battel in my ear rebounds, ground

2.

Arm, arm, brave *Hectors*, the Centurions cry,
Advance, advance your weapons or you die;
Which horrid noise will break our Sympathy.

3.

Mist. No, no, it needs not, shall the horrid swarm
Of men and horse allure thee by their charms,
To leave my fleshly for thy martial arms?

4. Cling

4.

ling closer then, for thou shalt not depart
rom me this night in person, or in heart;
rm not, for thou in arms already art:

5.

nd th' art engag'd unto the harmless fight
f wanton *Cupid*, where (this following night)
e'l both be conquer'd, conquer'd with delight.

6.

ur smiles shall be our arrows, and our eyes
re Stratagems, sufficient to surprize
houghts of dissention and Antipathies.

7.

ach blow will beg another, and 't will ease us;
uch contestations cannot chuse but please us:
nd such a quarrel greatly will appease us.

8.

rave war and harmless! oh who would deny
o be a souldier in't? who would not die
n such a battel, such artillery?

9.

Sold. I, but I dare not; if my Captain find
Me in your quarters, no excuse will blind
His rigid sentence, and his furious mind.

10

Mist. There's none shall find thee, for I'le vail thy (face
And body too, with the embroidered case
Of my rich blanket, where we will embrace.

11. (thee

My smock shall shroud thee, & my hand shall guide

From

From whatsoe're disaster shall betide thee,
Ith' bushes on my belly I will hide thee.

12.

Or if he find thee, I will answer than,
That he is arm'd (let him say what he can)
To ruine mortals, thou to make a man.

---

55. *The Exclamation.*

SInce 't was thy beauty that begun
This fervent ardor in my breast,
Make it, my grief-expelling sun,
That wretched I may take some rest.
I burn, I burn 'twixt the extreams
Of fear and hope, and thy bright beams.

2.

One heat another may unthrone,
Then wonder not if I desire
(Who scorching lies ith' torrid *Zone*)
Your forehead to expel my fire.
Oh smile, and let my heart not lie
Broyl'd on the grid-irons of thine eye.

3.

Ice (fires foe) laid to the skin
That's burnt, will cause the flesh to turn
Into a blister, and within
With greater vehemency to burn:
O Icy heart, then be not so,
'Twould bring additions to my woe.

4. Strange

4.

ange kind of creature, whose clear eye
n scorch and burn like *Luna's* brother;
d yet her heart in Ice doth lie,
r self doth freeze, yet burns another:
e torrid and the frigid *Zone*
ite their tempers both in one.

5.

en let thine eye thy heart reflect
on, and soon the Ice will perish;
d then thy heart will me affect,
d with enlivening flames me cherish;
w I lie gasping, and I faint
r want of thee, my lovely Saint.

6.

hou art that tree whereon is found
strange and double-natur'd power;
e one is bitterly to wound,
e other sweetly is to cure.
nd since the first on me ha'st past,
me now and cure me with the last.

7.

furious flame! alas I fry,
d cannot damp the heat with water;
structure reels, and I must die,
eauty brings me not her daughter.
os and turn, and cannot rest;
is Juniper flames within my breast.

8.

me lively soul, let's sympathize

In

In love and arms, and be not loth;
Let me behold in thy bright eyes
Narciſſus and *Adonis* both.
Were but thy heart as hot as mine,
I ſhould find pleaſure to calcine.

9.

Poor beauty-ſtrucken ſoul, I have
No conſolation in the world,
Unleſs thy bounty dain to ſave
Me from thoſe plagues upon me hurl'd:
Thou art that ſpell, and only thee
That charmeſt all my miſery.

10.

Come ſacred Doctreſs then, and act
Thy energy and power on me:
A word of thine (with *Cupid* back't)
Is medicine enough to be
Deaths Antidote, and to controul
The extaſie wherein I roul.

---

56. *The Invitation to Marry.*

PUt on (*Roſella*) ride not with delay.
'Tis full of danger; all-devouring time
Brings things (in time) to ruine and decay.
Enjoy thy pleaſure now it is thy prime;
All things unuſed quickly are decay'd,
And for the lack of uſe are uſeleſs made.

2.

bſerve an houſe that's not inhabited,
ow ſoon ſwift time makes pock-holes in the walls:
bſerve a cage, from whence the bird is fled,
ow ſoon it's cobweb'd, and to ruine falls.
h let not (*Roſe*) thy wanton white and red,
or want of wanton uſe be withered.

3.

hou art the (*Roſe* the Queen of every flower)
nd if in time thou art not choicely taken,
hou wilt decline, and loſe thy fragrant power;
nd thy freſh cheeks of beauty be forſaken:
hen take this counſel, let it not be known
o rare a *Roſe* ſhould languiſh all alone.

4.

ake me thy Tenant, and let me inherit
his curious Joynter: let thy youthful age
e kept for me, to me do you transfer it.
'le be the Bird too if you'l be the Cage,
'le keep the houſe as 'tis, and you ſhall ſee
No alteration in the Cage ſhall be.

5.

he Roſe is even ripe, and fit to gather;
Here is a hand ſhall pluck it if you pleaſe:
Let it not ſtand, leſt time and ſtormy weather
Shall blanch its vertue, and make beauty ceaſe;
Reſign it now, reſerve it not until
'Tis neither fit for ſcent, nor to diſtil.

6.

Let's love no longer ſingle, but enjoy

The true *Elysium* which our Wedlock brings,
And let us feed on that felicity
Whereof the silly Dove of *Venus* sings;
Die not a Virgin, lest survivers tell,
Rose is departed to lead Apes in hell.

---

57. *The Preeminence.*

1.

ALas what's *Phœbus*? I did ne're
Stand trembling to behold his light,
As I have often done to her;
He shines i'th' day, she day and night:
His glory can but dull mine eyes,
But in her lustre my heart fries;
Then tell me where most power lies?

2.

Pale-fac'd *Diana* can but shew
A crazy countenance, but my *Rose*
Has full-grown beauty, clear and true:
Her heavenly brow no blemish knows;
Yet in *Lucina* you may see
Apparent spots, pray then tell me
Which is most bright, th' Moon or she.

3.

Though *Ætna's* mountain fiercely fries
With burning Sulphur, yet alas,
Rosella with her piercing eyes,
Its Calenture doth far surpass;

The flames that iſſue from that urn,
Things at a diſtance will not burn;
A man may ſee't and ſafe return.

4.

But whoſoe're on *Roſe* ſhall caſt
A fixed eye, he's burned by her.
And he that ſhall her beauty taſte,
Muſt needs be hurl'd into loves fire;
His breaſt is ſtrucken by a glance,
Her fatal look's a ſad miſchance,
And leaves the viewer in a trance.

5.

The vertuous Loadſtone, though it is
The Map of wonders, yet I ſay
The can effect as great as this,
By her ſweet reaſon-quelling ray:
This draws my knife too's, that my heart;
Let reaſon then to me impart,
In which of theſe lies greateſt art?

6.

The ſtone which the Philoſopher
Approves for vertue, comes behind
The ſtronger force that dwells in her
(As by experience I can find;)
With this his ſtone (poor mortal) he
Can but turn things to gold, but ſhe
Makes mirth of ſowreſt miſery.

7.

Then what is *Phœbus*? may not he
Confeſs his weakneſs to his ſhame?

And what is *Luna*? may not she
Withdraw her face, and do the same?
The Loadstone and Philosopher,
And *Æsop*, all must know they erre,
And all pay tribute unto her.

50. *The Drollery.*

1.

Like the rich jewels of a jeaks,
Or like a Mill-stone fri'd in steaks,
Or like the Elbow of a Bat,
Or like a Presbyterian Rat:
Just such is he that call'd my Mistress Madam,
Ten thousand years before the dayes of *Adam*.

2.

Like a red herring drest in coats,
Or like a flea that feeds on oats,
Or like a louse that can speak French,
Or like a whorish honest wench:
Such is that mortal whose discretion can
Both rob and cheat, yet be an honest man.

3.

Like Tadpoles that must ride in Coaches,
Or like the leaden wings of Loaches,
Or Humble-Bees in leathern jackets,
Or true mens hands in Harlots plackets:
Such is that goodly Squire, whose intent
Is to build Churches when his money's spent.

4. J

4.

Juſt like a Beard that's lin'd with pluſh,
Or like a three-leg'd Holly-buſh,
Or like the Vine that beareth Cider,
Or like the Cloak-bag of a Spider:
Juſt ſuch is he that took a Gun, and ſhot
Quite through the ſhoulder of his Chamber-pot.

5.

Like a Sirreverence lapt in Lawn,
Or like a ſword that ne're was drawn,
Or furious Whiskin burnt to coals,
Or men that live without their ſouls:
Such *Cræſus* is, that would not line his breeches,
Nor get his wife with child, for fear on's riches.

6.

Like one that ſees though he be blind,
Or the fore-horſe that comes behind,
Or like a free-born Baſtard brat,
Or like I know not who nor what:
Juſt ſuch is he that falling ſick of ſorrow,
Was buried yeſterday, and di'd to morrow.

---

59. *Love beyond Reaſon.*

I Love to ſport above her eye,
I love her well, but know not why.
I love her ſmell, I love her taſte,
I love to twiſt about her waſte:
I love her ſound, I love her touch;

The active power of love is such
That for my Mistress I could die,
And yet in troth I know not why:
I search't her soul to see what merit
Was there, and found none did inherit,
To reason for a rudiment,
Upon this scrutiny I went,
Where th' cause of love I did detect,
Not her desert, but my defect:
Or thus more plainly runs the rule;
I lov'd her cause I was a fool.

---

60. *In the Garden.*

1.

Rosella did but look
Upon the Milk-white Rosie bushes,
And presently each Rose forsook
Their white, and vapor'd in *Rosella's* blushes.

2.

She did but cast her eye
Upon the blew-lipt Lavanders,
And presently they did defie
Their own complexion, and did boast of hers.

3.

The virid Marjoram
Her sparkling beauty did but see,
And presently their green became
All di'd with Scarlet, blushing, red as she.

4.

And when 'tis my delight
My perisht beauty to renew,
Then I accost her, whose first sight
Then turns my pale cheeks to a crimson hue.

5.

Brave Artist, then I'le sue
Philosophers no more, to know
Their *Elixar*; it's all in you,
Prov'd by experience whereso'ere you go.

---

61. *A Kiss.*

1.

AWay false fear,
And come not here.
Cheer up brave thoughts, and grow
In strength, fall not below
Your quality; alas, th' assumption
Of one poor kiss was no presumption;
No, none at all, sweet-lips you did not erre,
There was no treason in saluting her,

2.

Where you before
Had thousands more
Without repulse or frown.
No, (wanton girl) 'tis known
Thou ha'st not only lov'd the sport,
But waited and endeavour'd for't.

I've seen thee active to inflame the blisses
That are ingender'd by the game of kisses:

3.

Wherefore I'le draw
From *Cupids* Law,
That Custom might have claim'd
Its right, and never fram'd
The least Apology; nor stood
Poring upon th' Optative mood.
Yet she, forsooth, not only frai'd the use,
But tells me the attempt is an abuse.

4.

But sinner, sure
Thou needst not wooe her
To pass such errors by
With an indulgent eye:
Thou needst not blush where there's no fault,
He needs no crutch that ne're did haule.
Cast off thy care, set sorrows on the score,
Since she repulst thee once, ne're kiss her more.

---

62. *Hero.*

WOe is me that fall!
Woe is me that perish!
Genius tell me, whither shall
I repair for one to cherish
My declining soul, and condole
My distress? Oh pity! yonder

Swi

ms the Skeleton of *Leander*:
d then she sigh'd, and then she wept.
d in a passion then she stept
aside
he remorseless waves, and then she died.

63. *The Ruine.*

1.

I Wish that I had never known thee;
Oh that I could not dote upon thee,
Nor adore
y alluring lips and eyes
o which my wanton fancy flies)
Any more!

2.

y inchanting grace and beauty
o which *Adonis* owes a duty)
Have inshrin'd
eep within that fatal cheft
f thy yet unrelenting breft
All my mind.

3.

t is reason thou shouldst carry
he Penal burthen which burglary
Doth require;
or thy penetrating ray
as broke my house, and stol'n away
My desire.

4. Gentle

4.

Gentle thief thou hast undone me,
If thou wilt not reflect upon me,
I must go
Unto the dead, then for my sake
Restore my heart again, or take
Me also.

65. *Good Liquor.*

1.

LOve, envy, rage, and fury rest,
And secretly repose,
Like hood-winkt Falcons in my breast,
Untill the Ocean flowes:
For want of quaffing cups you die,
And are as ill prepar'd as I.

2.

I'le feast you with my rhymes no more,
When once I cease to tipple;
When er'e you bar the Cellar dore,
My Muse becomes a cripple.
As *Luna* (void of *Sol*) may wink,
So *Clio* must for want of drink.

3.

Nor is't your Ale and mufty Beer
That procreates my phrases.
'Tis Wine that makes my *Ela* clear,
And worthy of your praises.

beasts (but Asses) love to chuse
best of grass, and worst refuse.

4.

not your Wine that's mixt and blended
With this and that receit;
t's first decayed, and then amended;
From such I must retreat.
Heavens Nectar I incline,
bright *Apollo's* rasie Wine.

66. *The Air.*

1.

Sweet sounds that issue from the Quire
Of wing'd Musicians, or the Thracian Lyre,
Be dumb, repose your Knells,
You warbling shrill-mouth'd Philomels.
Your tones extort my tears,
Your musick seems unto my ears,
As *Virtus* to the eye appears.

2.

uses, whose charms are Musket-proof
passive power, you may stand aloof;
Whose active charms can draw
Waters from mountains, and unthaw
A flinty breast, you be
Of no more value unto me
Then Butter-flies to Broom-men be.

3. Sing

3.

Sing to the woods, and silver'd brooks;
I neither like your Sonnets, nor your looks.
Court fools as may affect
Your dissonanting dialect:
My Lute's more clear and choice,
Wherein I only can rejoice:
It is *Rosella's* heavenly voice.

---

67. *Time. The Interpreter.*

WHat serious students with their busied br
Could ne're unlock; what Philosophick p
Tri'd, and fell short of: what strong art ne're
What was a theme too hard for th' Alchymist:
What mighty *Merlin* in his operation,
Fore-sight, Prediction, and prognostication,
Could not unroll, *Time* has now detected:
Yet still he is dispers'd, and dis-respected;
There's no man crowns him with a wreath of p
Compos'd of Lawrel triumph, though his wais
Are rules of truth; while error boldly draws
Worlds of applause to her insatiate claws.
Infected Animals, how are ye blinded
With misty judgements? how intic't and winde
With strange belief? how nimble, and how pron
To build on rottenness? Rely upon
Deluding Motives? making declination
From the firm Basis of true revelation.

P

ge your opinions, you unbridled youths,
time, not Artists will declare our truths.

68. *Knowledge.*

THrough the *Meander* of invented art
I've deeply waded, and unthaw'd the Ice
knotty contexts; as a steely Dart,
ere't through mysteries, dark, obscure and nice:
r *Cypria's* function was made known to me,
e with her daughters been too well acquainted;
known *Rowes* stages and her gallantry:
pastimes Paradise I have been planted.
r was my senses oyl'd with such content,
t that displeasure also had its growth.
now what 't was to laugh and to lament,
pell'd the nature, and the use of both:
our'd my *genius*, on my Muse I put
o the Labyrinth of as deep conclusion
sense and reason knew. I hew'd and cut
e doors of darkness down, and made intrusion,
was acquainted with the starry realm
others be, yet here my knowledge lack't,
knew not him that sitteth at the helm,
whose discretion all the Planets act.
herefore thou root of nature, and of art,
since void of knowing thee makes knowledg void,)
fuse no other Science in my heart,
hen of my self and thee, my *glorious guide*.

69. The

69. The Vineyard.

1.

ENter you that rave with madness:
Enter you that sigh with sadness,
And receive the oyl of gladness
In the Vine.

2.

Here's the mystery of the Muses;
Here's the Font *Maronas* uses;
Hebe wit gains what ere it loses,
Noble Wine.

3.

Here's the Laurel, here's the Bayes,
Here's the sum of Poets praise,
Heare's the cream of *Peans* rayes:
Famous liquore

4.

Here's th' Arsenal whence do spring
Presents worthy for a King,
Here my fancies tender wing
Thriveth quicker.

70. The Quere.

SAy, shall I love, or shall I leave her?
Shall I leave or love for ever?

Sh

ll I part with my profession,
proceed in my progression?

Echo.

back, suspend thy love for ever;
l home thy heart again and leave her:
o much of one sort breeds loathing,
kes the object fit for nothing;
yls the fancy, spoils the sense,
ns delight to penitence;
cially in those that summon
ir wits to attend a woman.
n refuse, fall off, and leave her,
thou lose thy bliss for ever.
ving once engag'd thy credit,
u may curse that ere you did it;
if beauty moved thee,
adventure that may flee:
n that face which once was fire
calcine, shall now expire
Lamps of Zealots, and shall choke
y own sense with thy own smoke:
d you'l feel (in such a case)
ch disease, or much disgrace:
ou go your credits lost,
ou stay you will be croft:
how dismal is't, for he,
whose love formalitie
ps, or the affection, where
wells not for love but fear!
n return, return and leave her;

Left

Left thou art a fool for ever.
What avails thy wanton courting?
Kissing, clipping, hugging, sporting,
Smiling, beckning, musing, glancing,
Winding, tripping, footing, dancing,
Chopping, changing, mingling words,
All the joy that love affords:
What art thou for this the better?
Only thou art made a debtor
For't. Although thy Mistress swims
Over the glorious Cherubims
In thy fancy, she'l not scorn
To salute thee with a horn
For thy requital: Such there be.
Then love not such vanity.
O return, return and leave her,
Else I'le say th' art mad for ever.
He's a fool that loves to be
Vassal'd, when he may be free.

71. *The life and death of Sarah.*

Sarah liv'd and *Sarah* lov'd,
Sarah thriv'd and *Sarah* mov'd,
Sarah sat and *Sarah* slept,
Sarah wak't and *Sarah* wept,
Sarah sob'd and *Sarah* smil'd,
Sarah was begot with child,
Sarah sigh't and *Sarah* long,

And *Sarah* could not hold her tongue.
Sarah pist and *Sarah* cri'd,
Sarah shit and so she di'd.

---

72. *The Messenger.*

LOve commands his servant out
To the woods, to range about
For a Mistress for his Master,
Cause he wanted such a plaister
As a Lady. Out he goes,
Through the woods, streams, verse and prose:
One he found, and then return'd
(To the man that sight and burn'd.)
Expectation did advance,
And hope had the predominance:
Love repli'd to th' Agent then,
Dost thou gladly turn agen?
Art thou fraited with my bliss?
Then he answers, Master yes.

But what hast thou prepar'd for me?
Is she coy, or is she free?
Is she tall, or is she low?
Is she slender? lean or no?
Is she square, or is she round?
Is she sick, or is she sound?
Do the Gods confess their duty
To worship such a beauty?

Is but *Venus* ſcarce her type?
Is ſhe green, or too too ripe?
Is ſhe foul, or is ſhe fair?
Is ſhe not as others are?
Is ſhe white, or is ſhe black?
Or what i'ſt that ſhe doth lack?

Anſwer.

I have prepar'd for thee enough.
She's coy enough, and free enough,
She's Low enough and tall enough,
She's big enough and ſmall enough,
She's fat enough and lean enough,
She's rich enough and mean enough,
She's young enough and ſtrong enough,
She's ſhort enough and long enough,
She's ſick enough and ſound enough,
She's ſquare enough and round enough,
She's black enough and white enough
She's foul enough and bright enough,
She's thin enough and quick enough,
And ſhe will ſoon be thick enough,
If you can give her P---- enough.

---

72. *The Mask of Adonis.*

WHen all the night Ravens, & Bats of the
Began to grow ſleepy by reaſon of day

nd the Lamp of luſtre, *Joves* Holiday ſpark,
d chac't all the Symptomes of darkneſs away;
eard a loud Eccho that cri'd.
donis, our moan is not to be deni'd.

2.

skt an old Hermit that dwelt in the Clods,
hat meaned the ſound in ſuch wondrous meaſure;
told me that there was a Mask of the Gods,
nd all the ſpectators were Ladies of pleaſure.
Then louder and louder they cri'd,
Adonis, &c.

3

hen towards the Theatre I did accoſt,
o ſee their proceedings, and alſo to hear
e harmony iſſuing out of the Hoſt
f Gods and Goddeſſes mingled there.
But louder, &c.

4.

s ſoon as I entered into th croud,
ord how I was daz'led ſuch ſparks to behold!
ey kiſt, & they quibbled, they curl'd & they bow'd.
e ſtage being Paradiſe paved with gold.
But louder, &c.

5.

e firſt of the actors that then did invade,
as *Mercury*, grac't with a lute in his hand;
hoſe Apology prov'd him a notable blade,
you in the conſequence ſhall underſtand.
But louder, &c.

6.

uoth he, I'me a meſſenger ſent from the Court

To kiſs all your lips, and this news to diſplay,
That your ſenſes muſt ſwim in the fountains of
For the Gods are intended to court you to day.
Yet louder, &c.

7.

Having ended his duty, he gently receded,
And *Cupid* (that Spark) did appear in his place
With a Bow in his hand, and he luſtily pleaded
Whoſe preſence was lined with amorous grace.
Yet louder, &c.

8.

The bow(that was quicker to pierce then his ton
He charg'd with a dart, and he ſhot a Siſter
Of *Hellens* (that ſat like an Angel among
The Ladies of pleaſure) but haply he miſt her.
Then louder, &c.

9.

The Ladies requeſted the Lad to refrain,
And not to exhibit his ſtrength any more;
Becauſe of the wounds and the prickings of pi
They took from his dart but a little before.
And louder, &c.

10.

Apollo came in with a paper of verſes,
Some ſaid of the Ladies 't was in commendatio
His love and his ſervice to them he rehearſes,
Well riveted in with a world of expreſſion.
Yet louder, &c.

11.

Harpocrates enter'd with ſigns and with wonde

ſome he did beckon, to ſome he did nod, (thunders
metimes he would roar like great *Jove* when he
be ſpake not a word, neither even nor odd.
Yet louder and louder they cri'd,
Adonis, our moan is not to be deni'd.

12.

e told me that this was the fool of the play;
herein he *Harpocrates* greatly did wrong:
r the badge of diſcretion is ſilence we ſay,
d fools are known by a ſuperfluous tongue.
But louder, &c.

13.

en *Vulcan* appeared in flaſhes of fire,
d up to the top of the Theatre climbs:
t could he not warm the ſpectators deſires,
uſe his legs they reſembled *Elegiack* rhimes.
But louder, &c.

14.

ext followed *Mars* with an Herald of Arms,
ike the fool of a Puppet-play) riding before him:
turn'd him about, and among all the ſwarms,
ſingled out *Vulcan*, and ſwore he'd devour him.
But, &c.

15.

ow *Vulcan* he knew not the God at a bluſh,
herfore he demanded the cauſe of his threat:
ou rogue (ſaies the warrier) your bones I wil cruſh;
m *Mars*, whom thou tookſt with thy wife in a net.
But, &c.

16.

Each look of the Black-Smith encreas'd *Mars* hea
(For ſouldiers are lightly more rigid then crafty
And *Vulcan* was forced himſelf to retire,
And lie in the ſnout of his Bellows for ſafety.
But, &c.

17.

He being departed, Dame *Venus* came in
With ribbons, adorned like a *Barsh lnew* fair
Her breaſts they were naked to ſhew her white
No paints, nor perfumings, nor powder was ſpa
But &c.

18.

I am almoſt perſwaded that this was a match (b
'Twixt *Mars* and his dame; for they went thro
And in a ſhort time they their work did diſpatch
Whom *Vulcan* ſurpriz'd not as he did before,
But, &c.

19.

But when they returned, Dame *Venus* her blood
Was ſuddenly riſen ſo freſh in her face,
That, by her complexion, 't might be underſtoo
The carnal condition of *Mars* his embrace.
But, &c.

20.

Oceanus enter'd with two ſilver diſhes,
Charg'd with Pickle-herrings, and prim'd with E
And *Neptune* ſucceeds with many ſmall fiſhes,
And Mermaids eſpecially waited at's heels.
But, &c.

21. T

21.

hen *Pan* (like a Piper) came into the Court,
ttended with Oxen, with Goats, and with Sheep;
e pip'd and they danced with ruſtical ſport,
nough to have lull'd all the Ladies aſleep.
But, &c.

22.

Proteus (Camelion like) the author of ſhapes,
Came changing his likeneſs as oft as a cloud:
Now he is an Aſs, anon a Jack-an-apes,
Soon after an Eagle with feathers endow'd.
But, &c.

23.

Priapus came in with a basket of Pears,
Which unto the Ladies he freely preſented;
But ſure had he g'in them his holiday wares,
He had been more welcom, & they more contente
But, &c.

24.

Sappho, the petty God alſo appear'd,
(Though deifi'd not by the Poets Commiſſion
Many birds having builded their nests in his be
But the Synod abhorr'd him because of ambition
But, &c.

25.

Blithe *Bacchus* ſucceeded with Sack and with Claret,
Whom *Venus* with Lillies and Roſes had crown'd,
Yet nevertheleſs the conceit would not carry it,
Wine was not acquirable though 'e did abound.
But, &c.

26.

Now the Maskers perceiving no real intent
Would take in the croud by their politick action;
They compli'd and consulted a while, then they s
For the Goddesses also to make satisfaction.
But louder, &c.

27.

The first that appeared was *Juno*, attir'd
With Silks and with Sattin: her linen was Law
A sight you'd ha' thought were enough to have fi
All tender-ey'd spirits, and brib'd them to pawn.
But, &c.

28.

This argues th' condition that riches allow,
But speaks not a tittle concerning its pleasure;
For *Juno* declar'd by her wrinkled brow,
That richmen of solace are scanted in measure.
But, &c.

29.

Minerva succeeded with rustical dresses,
Her Apron was Canvas, her Gown it was Bayes:
She did not dishelve into publick her tresses;
Yet sh: was the subject of every ones praise.
But, &c.

30.

From whence we may note, that the wisest of bra
Delight not so dearly to burnish their back (dain
With fancy-born whimseys (which prudence d
As to furnish acquaintance with wit when they la
But, &c.

31. M

31.

Minerva did conge to all that she saw,
She scorn'd not the poorest that ever she ey'd;
From whose disposition this tenet we draw,
That wisdom that's true's not acquainted with pride.
But, &c.

32.

And afterward *Venus* did make her invasion,
And was in a garment of Taffata wrapt;
But a younker seduc'd her with little perswasion,
From whence we note, beauty is easily snapt.
But, &c.

33.

Ceres presented a sheaf of her corn,
The best that her Servants could gather or reap;
The Ladies of pleasure her present did scorn;
For then (God be thanked) provision was cheap.
But, &c.

34.

Then up started *Luna*, as fierce as a Lion,
Whose rigorous visage dissolved a Cloud:
Where souldiers this lesson may studdy and ply on,
That they with austerity may be endow'd.
But, &c.

35.

Next after came *Flora* with lap-fulls of flowers,
With Pinks and with Gilliflowers mixt with carnation:
Her bosom was arm'd with the jewels of bowers (ons;
Things that might have conquerd the girls lamenta-
But, &c. (tion.

36. Now

36.

Now the Gods they discerning what Goddesses
On the Theatre standing, their minds did advan
To give a companion to every one there;
For the Gods were designed to lead them a danc
But, &c.

37.

They coupled with speed, & the Harpers they pl
Sweet as *Orpheus* with Musick most rare,
A harmony pleasanter never was made;
The twang were enough to have ravish't the air.
But, &c.

38.

They footed it neatly, and nimbly they caper'd,
They answer'd the Layes to a hair or a feather;
They flourish't their fingers about, and they vap
They wag'd their light breeches too hither & thi
But, &c.

39.

But while they were busied, *Adonis* came in;
Whose approch was discri'd by the light on the
The Ladies knew him by the reflex of his skin,
But till they beheld him they mov'd not at all.
Yet, &c.

40.

But when they discover'd his heavenly cheek,
They greedily ran to the boy and embrac't him;
Oh he was the Masker for whom they did seek!
And (Deity-like) they ador'd and they grac't h
But then, &c.

41. I

41.

...us the fair *Adonis* concluded the sport,
...r now not a Masker at all was respected:
...is only *Adonis* the Ladies will court;
...*donis* his actions are onely respected
... the Ladies which formerly cri'd,
...*donis* our moan is not to be deni'd.

73. *The lost Maidenhead.*

1.

AS I went wandring o're the grounds,
Where fruitful *Ceres* hand appear'd,
Among the soul-enchanting sounds
Of feather'd Chorifters, I heard
Clarinda making doleful moan,
Because her Maidenhead was gone.

2.

Alas! (quoth she) the rose is fled,
That in my Azure veins did flow:
Ah pity me! my Maidenhead
Is lost, and now what shall I do?
Undone, undone, the woods proclaime;
My folly has betrai'd my fame.

3.

The Gods (alas) will all combine
My sorrows to exasperate:
The blushing sun will cease to shine
On me. Oh cursed is my fate!

Undone,

Undone, undone the mountains utter;
And angry heaven ſeems to mutter.

4.

If *Jove* forbear to break my heart
In pieces by his bolts of thunder,
Yet will the chaſte *Diana's* dart
Daſh and divide me all in ſunder.
Undone, undone, unhappy girl;
I've loſt my Gem, my only Pearl.

5.

But while ſhe warbled out her wrong
By the bright vapors of her paſſion,
And mournful Dirges ſadly ſong,
Serv'd up in cups of Execration:
An *Eccho* then repli'd and ſaid,
Lament not for thy Maidenhead.

6.

'Tis like proud fleſh that hurts the wound,
If 'tis not clip't away in time;
Or like the ſwarfie ſcum that's found
In boyling pots: exceſſive ſlime,
Which if not ſcum'd when it doth riſe,
Sinks in, and all within annoyes.

7.

Yet if thy graces can but brook
The loſs, but ſtill thou doſt implore it,
I'le give thee what another took;
If th' art content I will reſtore it.
Content I am, ſhe anſwer'd then,
Reſtore it me thou happy man.

And then he gave it,
As she did crave.

8.

The golden flower is now replanted
Within his native place again;
And fair *Clarinda* is not daunted,
Remembring no departed pain.
But since she found the loss so soft,
I fear she'l love to lose it oft.

57. *Good Fellowship.*

1.

FIll, fill the glass to the brim,
'Tis a health unto him
That refuses
To be curb'd, or disturb'd
At the power of the State,
Or the frowns of his fate;
Or that scorneth to bark or to bite at our Muses: —
And that never will vary
From the juyce of the Vine, and the cups of Canary.

2.

Drink to your friend, drink away,
For the showers to day
Will repleniſh
The sweet Vine with rich Wine,
Which the But and the Pipe
Shall receive when 'tis ripe.

Both

Both the white and the red, both the green and,
For we never will vary, &c. (Rhen

3.

Watch, watch his waters, and ſee
He drink fairly, as he
That begun it;
Fill his Cup, fill it up;
For why ſhould we pinch
Him, or bate him an inch?
'Tis his own ev'ry drop, and he ought not to ſhun
There's no man ſhall vary, &c.

4.

Mind, mind the work in your hand,
Let the rogues in the land
Not affright us:
Hang the ſons and the guns
Of proud *Mars*, though we hear
His rebounds in our ear;
Yet he neither can hurt us, diſturb us, or bite us,
Nor force us to vary, &c.

5.

Let them wrangle and jar,
They are Pillars of War
And contention:
But we'l ſtay all the day
In the Tavern, and find
More delight in our Wine
Then the Chymiſt can draw from the rareſt inven
And we never will vary (o
From the juyce of the Vine, or the cups of Cana

75. The Aspirer.

Full-fraighted with a strong desire, he seeks
That fames loud Trumpeter might fill his cheeks,
tell his glory to all humane ears,
d make it thunder in the Hemispheares:
ughs will suffice him but a large report
his magnificence about the Court;
would be *Cæsar* faine: but hearke my friend,
all essayes premeditate thy end.
that's exalted, quickly may be cast
rapid storms, disturb'd by every blast.
e Cedars tremble, while the Bushes stand,
t mov'd nor frighted by the winds command.
d the bold Boreas arm most strongly knocks
ainst the largest and the tallest rocks:
hen fortune meeteth with her strongest foe,
e takes advantage there to overthrow.
struction glories and delights to ride
on the shoulders of presuming pride.
e longest freedom has the closest thrall:
e highest rise begets the greatest fall.
ace then such danger in the mountain lies,
nd youth descend, descend if thou art wise.
is a fate more happy to remain
belov'd, then *Crœsus* in disdain.
fides, thy worth can challenge no such thought,
Princes Reliques, they are dearly bought

By

Both the white and the red, both the green and, t
For we never will vary, &c. (Rheni

3.

Watch, watch his waters, and see
He drink fairly, as he
That begun it;
Fill his Cup, fill it up;
For why should we pinch
Him, or bate him an inch?
'Tis his own ev'ry drop, and he ought not to shun
There's no man shall vary, &c.

4.

Mind, mind the work in your hand,
Let the rogues in the land
Not affright us:
Hang the sons and the guns
Of proud *Mars*, though we hear
His rebounds in our ear;
Yet he neither can hurt us, disturb us, or bite us,
Nor force us to vary, &c.

5.

Let them wrangle and jar,
They are Pillars of War
And contention:
But we'l stay all the day
In the Tavern, and find
More delight in our Wine
Then the Chymist can draw from the rarest invent
And we never will vary (o
From the juyce of the Vine, or the cups of Canary

75. The Aſpirer.

Full-fraighted with a ſtrong deſire, he ſeeks
That fames loud Trumpeter might fill his cheeks,
o tell his glory to all humane ears,
nd make it thunder in the Hemiſpheares:
oughs will ſuffice him but a large report
f his magnificence about the Court,
e would be *Cæſar* faine: but heark my friend,
all eſſayes premeditate thy end.
e that's exalted, quickly may be caſt
rapid ſtorms, diſturb'd by every blaſt.
he Cedars tremble, while the Buſhes ſtand,
ot mov'd nor frighted by the winds command.
nd the bold Boreas arm moſt ſtrongly knocks
gainſt the largeſt and the talleſt rocks:
hen fortune meeteth with her ſtrongeſt foe,
he takes advantage there to overthrow.
eſtruction glories and delights to ride
pon the ſhoulders of preſuming pride.
he longeſt freedom has the cloſeſt thrall:
he higheſt riſe begets the greateſt fall.
nce then ſuch danger in the mountain lies,
ood youth deſcend, deſcend if thou art wiſe.
is a fate more happy to remain
us belov'd, then *Craſſus* in diſdain.
eſides, thy worth can challenge no ſuch thought,
s Princes Reliques, they are dearly bought

By

By birth & blood, blood ſpilt, and blood that's n
Sad thoughts, high paſſions, and a world of tro
Now, if th' are thine by birth and worthy deed,
Arm thou thy ſelf with boldneſs, and proceed
Unto poſſeſſion; but (alas) we know
No birth nor merit e're in thee did grow.
Then ſpell thy ſelf, and ponder on thy merit,
For thou art too unworthy to inherit
Such Gems as theſe. Each vulgar muſt not paſ
Within the bounds of the Corinthian Laſs.
Wilt thou be Prince? review thy ſelf, and than
Thou mayſt be happy if a Serving man.
Beſides, were honour thine by *Ioves* decree,
Thou needſt not ſeek for it, 't would follow the

75. *Vice Courted.*

ON melted Pitch can I my hand not lay,
But it muſt needs defile me?
Or court an unchaſt Miſtreſs for a day,
But needs ſhe muſt beguile me?
'Tis but a feeble Bulwark cannot bear
The brunt of one attempt:
There is no confidence in ſuch a Sphere;
All vertue is exempt.
Go wet your hands in water, then you know
Pitch has no power to ſtain;
Go oyl your heart with grace, and whores alſo
Will tempt you, but in vain.

lie a little in *Radopha's* arms;
Be confident and wary,
let thy chaſtity oppoſe her charms;
So may thy ſoul not vary,
paſſively receive the ſugered ſin
That's bounded by her waſte;
(like the Diers hand) declare wherein
Thou dipdſt thy finger laſt.
etimes 'tis good to ſearch corrupted ſouls,
For hence we may diſcern and ſee
ſad it is where only vice controls,
And prize more noble honeſty.

---

76. *Semper Idem.*

WHo would not morgage faith & fame
purchaſe ſo divine a ſoul as ſhe,
That is for ever more the ſame,
ring no more then *Anaxarete*?
As the firſt day I came to wooe her,
edfaſtly ſhe doth continue ſtill;
And ſo 'tis like ſhe will endure:
ſhe ne're lov'd me yet, nor ever will.
Let greedy Rivals then adjorn
ir forward ſuits and ſue for her no more:
For I ſhall ſtill enjoy her ſcorn
ſpite of them; ſhe has'e for me in ſtore.

77. Nobility.

TEll me no more, no more, thou young
Of the renown due to thy predeceſſor, (gr
Tell me no more, no more, thou tardy Stoick,
What man was famous, or what man Heroick,
Thou being idle: This will rather bring
Lead, then a feather to the failing wing
Of thy own fame. This is not thy defence,
The publick eye looks on the preſent tenſe:
It looks not backward, then recite not thou
Thy fathers fame or merit: tell me now
Thy noble Acts, and ſo thou ſhalt repair
His ruſty glory, and thine own: forbear
Fond *Thraſo*, elſe you know ſuch brags will be
Diſparagements unto thy line and thee.
What if thy father had been born a fool,
Hadſt thou but proſper'd in th' heroick School
Of rare exploits, then thou ſhouldſt have enjoy
Thy recompence (which none ſhould have deni
Abundantly, and in as ample meaſure,
As though all vertue were thy fathers treaſure.
But if th' art fooliſh, though thy father was
A *Tully* or a *Hector*, yet alas
'Tis no more beneficial unto thee,
Then *Alexanders* glory is to me:
Only it adds more anguiſh to thy mind,
When thou remembreſt how thou haſt declin'd.

ow then, Nobility, if rightly meant,
rather by self-action then descent.

78. *The Extremes.*

FAir one, those radiant lustres that arise
From (those bright Tapers) thy Celestial ey
ave fired me; I burn in every part,
hey gnaw (like Vulters) my relenting heart.
nd then the numnes of your frozen zeal
arves all my bliss, and makes my hope conge
o that my heart lies in a restless Urn;
Vith *Caucasus* I freeze, with *Ætna* burn.
Wherefore that sorrows may not me eclipse,
hace frost and fire with thy love and lips.

79. *The dying Lover.*

YOu murthering eyes, you have disl w'd a man:
Nay, do not court me now, you never can
Repair the breach. Dull lamps they may be cherish
But there's no succour for a heart that's perisht.
You may deplore my fall, but not recover
The blood you spilt; deaths fatal blow is over.
And now behold I die, my senses reel,
My humane powers dissolve. I gently feel
My soul departing to the sphere above,
The low *Elysium* of terrestrial love.

Bewaile your ſelf, not me, for I am ceaſt;
Yours is the crime, mine is eternal reſt.
Theſe words he ſpake, then with a doleful gaſp,
His ſoul and body death did ſoon unhaſp.

---

80. *Furioſo.*

MOnſieur *Mundungo*, in a three-ſol'd hat,
Lined with Louſe-skins, and a ſuit of that,
One day came walking with a ſword b' his ſide,
Along the medows, where the man eſpi'd
Two Rivals fighting for a Laſs that ſtood
Bleeding in ſorrow, to behold their blood.
To theſe he march'd, as though he'd have devou
Both Lords and Lady too: *Lord* how he lowr'd!
With ears like *Midas*, and a head as large
As *Lugnals* Chimney, or a *Graveſend* Barge.
His neck like *Atlas*, and the fool expreſt
Deformed *Tytius* in his ugly breaſt.
His gouty fingers were like Millers pegs:
And great *Coloſſus* furniſh'd him with legs.
This mighty Monſter armed (I'le aſſure ye)
With hobnail tuſhes, oyl'd with helliſh fury,
Accoſts theſe Champions, vowing in a breath,
To ſend their bodies to eternal death.
But as he enter'd to oppoſe the play,
He drew his ſword, and ſtoutly run away.

81. *Lov*

81. *Loves frailty.*

Ove, thou art a falſe delight,
Th' art ſhoulder'd up with bliſſes,
ded with golden kiſſes;
y holiday is night.
ve, thou art a wanton youth,
d guilty of high treaſon
ainſt the Prince of reaſon:
y target is untruth.
ve, thoſe leering looks of thine
gilt with feigned paſſion,
with diſſimulation:
tery's thy Brigandine.
ve, thou art a ſubtile thiefe,
at doſt both rob and wound us,
d many times confound us,
t giv'ſt us no relief.
en Love avoid, and court my thoughts no more;
y birth is ſpurious, *Venus* is a whore.
nk not to trap me with thy ſugered wiles;
re not for thy frowns, nor weigh thy ſmiles:
e ſhall not pleaſe me, nor the other grieve me;
nty ſhall neither wound, nor Love relieve me.

82. *The She Cockney.*

MY City dame fell sick, she sigh'd, she wept
She went to bed, she slumber'd and she
She rose again, she fed, she walk'd, yet still
Forsooth, my mistress was extremely ill.
It pleased her fleeting fancy then to steer
Her course into the fields, to see if there
Her qualm might cease, yet still (poor soule)
Can meet with no cessation nor relief.
Her tender foot stept to the fragrant bowers,
She fed upon the fruits, she crept the flowers,
She went, she wept, she smil'd, she sigh'd, yet
Forsooth, my Lady is extremely ill.
Well, she retired to repose again
Upon her downy bed, yet still the pain
Attended her: Her pulse did loudly pelt,
Whose verberation I am sure I felt,
Which hardly she did, neither could she say
What was her pain, or in what part it lay:
But 'tis the mode, forsooth, and therefore still
Our City Mistress is extremely ill.

83. *Weak Love.*

I.

BAse love that cannot hold
A frown;

nd baser heart that is control'd,
And thrown
to despair at one denial,
hou hast betraid thee in thy trial.

2.

oor heart that cannot bear
Nor brook
ne vice, where many vertues are:
Nor look
hrough's fingers at a venial error;
e learn't not this from *Cupids* mirror.

3.

oor soul that cannot rest
A day
rom her being absent, nor digest
Delay
Of promise, though he knows it be
Obstructed accidentally.

4

Ve know that girls will smile
And lowre,
low th' are as pert as Camomile,
Then sowre:
Vho robs a Hive (loud fame doth sing)
ust with the honey taste the sting.

5.

hey'l trip, and rise agen,

And so
Experience cries the best of men
Will do:
And shall we therefore not descry
A fault and see it secretly?

6.

They'l promise much, 'tis true,
And yet
They are slack to pay: and will not you
Do it?
Come, come, revise your self, you'l see
Her vice is your Epitomy.

---

84. *Rosella Sleeping.*

BLow not *Zephyrus* in the least, give o're
Dexamine to dash against the shore.
Advance thy trident, and put down thy billows;
Oh *Neptune* buzze not in the muffled willows.
Peace Hornets, musick is of no effect,
Where dull ey'd *Morpheus* holds the intellect.
Then cease Canary-birds, and let her rest
Breathing on me, while I breath on her breast;
Whose balmy breath (so fragrant) shall refresh
The mournful passion of my panting flesh;
While her sweet eye-lids, on her eyes laid down,
Screen her poor lover from the torrid *Zone*.

Su

h is our walking in a Summers day,
en cooler clouds mask *Titans* fiery ray.
n whistling Myrtles peace, refrain to shake,
ke not *Rosella* till *Rosella* wake.

85. *Minerva.*

1.

AWay, away all you that be
Of *Cupids* gang; your fugered faces
Are no Magneticks unto me,
I can detest your soft embraces:
ed not care to flie from you,
ve the Graces and the Muses too:

2.

Go *Vulcan*, go and tell thy tale,
And shew thy vices to another;
Thou never shalt on me prevail,
I've wit enough thy flames to smother.
can take pleasure void of you,
ave, &c.

3.

Go ruffling Courtiers, and salute
Such as you know will fall before ye;
No powder'd hair nor Sunday suit
Shall bribe *Minerva* to adore ye.
I can take pleasure, &c.

4. Co

4.

Go envies curſed whelps, and ſit
Where ſnaky *Strigies* uſe to dally:
And you that ſpurn (like *Zoilus*) wit,
Go reſt you in *Charybdis* valley.
I can rejoice in ſpite of you;
I have the *Graces* and the *Muſes* too.

86. *The Charm.*

1.

COme my faireſt, come my deareſt,
Come my deareſt, come my faireſt,
Let's enjoy
Cupids pleaſure
In full meaſure,
Since here's none but thee and I.

2.

Give me kiſſes, give me bliſſes,
Give me bliſſes, give me kiſſes.
Do not ariſe,
Let us dally
In loves valley,
While *Apollo* ſhuts his eyes.

87. *Rosella Maskt.*

1.

O have I seen a cloud impair
The azure Heavens, and the fair
bition of the Prince o'th' air.

2.

nd I have seen the Borean weather
eep all the clouds away together,
nd drive them to I know not whither.

3.

en so I've seen a Mask obscure
sella's cheek, and vail the pure
lustrious blood her veins immure.

4.

nd I have seen the vail has gone
nd disinvellop't that fair Sun,
s soon as I have breath'd thereon.

88. *Tom Tell-troth.*

1.

I Love not a cast in the eye,
Nor lead in the edges of Knives:

I love

I love not a man that will lye,
Unleſs 't be with other mens wives.

2.

I love not the ribs of a Lark,
I love not the brains of a Crow,
I love not a Dog that will bark,
Except he will bite alſo.

3.

I love not to ſit on a bench
While you put my foot in the Stocks,
But I love a beautiful wench,
Provided ſhe has not the Pox.

4.

I care not for hunting the Hare,
I care not for courting the Coney.
I care not for ſelling my ware;
If I thought I ſhould get no money.

5.

I care not for courting a Witch,
Nor drinking of Milk when 'tis hairy.
I care not for eating of Pitch;
But I love to be drinking Canary.

6.

I love merry lads in my heart,
That mirth with their honeſty have:

as for a fool I care not a fart,
And I cannot endure a knave.

89. The Dejection.

1.

WHy art thou chain'd to th' world? canst not
A little higher to the orbs above? (remove
slenderly dost thou thy stock improve?

2.

y is thy heart contained in a snare?
t secret thought dulls fancy? Oh what are
thoughts invellop't with the clouds of care?

3.

cam'st thou thus, what Cell-created news
down thy progress? what condition screws
genius to the post, and dulls my Muse?

4.

d down this fog, and let the beams of light
a light heart I mean) display their bright
ntial glories to disband the night.

5.

not within thy self, what life is this?
mirth is sadness, sorrow is thy bliss;
liv'st below a man, and think'st amiss.

90.

90. O Yes!

O Yes! O yes! O yes! If any man
In City, Town, or Country can
Tell tidings of my Love, that's fled
Out of the warm and naked bed
Last night, while I lay slumbring by her;
Let him bring word unto the Crier,
And for his labour he shall have
As large requital as he'l crave.
Her Characters be these; She's drest
With honesty, and that's the best
Attire (I think) that Ladies wear.
Prudence has pleated up her hair:
As for her face, where e're you spie
A girl whose beauty blinds your eye,
And wounds your heart, say that is she;
And then conduct her safe to me:
For till I find her I must trace
Through all the thickets and the groves
Where lovers use to look their loves.
With *Hercules* I'le search the fountains,
And make an Eccho in the mountains,
For my fair one that's fled and hid;
As he for his dear *Hylas* did.
The torch of *Ceres* I will borrow;
I'le search to day and seek to morrow;
Baulking no trouble, nor no pain,
Till I have found her out again.

O yon

yonder, yonder sure she stands
heavens, wringing both her hands.
that's not she too, 'tis a cloud
which poor *Ixion* once was proud.
n mistaken, I must leave,
d travel on, left I deceive
hopes, and smother up my love,
will my search immortal prove.

---

91. *The Reply.*

AND is she gone? Ah pity then!
That she should ere return agen
you (dull Clown) whose slumbering eye
uld fall asleep when she lay by.
was a jewel, it is true;
d was esteemed so by you,
hen you had lost her. Learn you then,
ever she return agen,
keep her as a Gem of cost.
d prize the Gem before it's lost.
t all my fear is, that you had
Tytians face. This is no lad
r fair *Aurora*; she will buss
ther the young spark *Cephalus*.
nd from her bed each morning flie
wanton in the southern Skie.
nsent you then with crazy age;
nd if the *Nymphs* of *Cupids* stage

Flie

Fly off from thence, this is the reason
They love not faces out of season:
Time-wasted flesh, and wrinkled brows
Are no fit objects for their bows.
Love's fresh and young, the like it loves,
But snorting age it never moves.

---

93. *A Token.*

HEre take my heart, my heart and body too,
Had I a greater gift I'de give it you.

The Exception.

COuld I but sink into your thoughts, and spy
Your roving fancy in your rolling eye;
I'de cast mine eyes upon't, and if I found
Your love was loyal, and your heart was sound,
I would accept them, but I dare not take
Vail'd Gems at venture, nor presume to make
Such cover'd bargains. Leave your suit fond lover,
Unless the gift you give you can uncover.

Another Token.

THat our affection may increase and shine,
Let's change, give me thy heart, and thou m
(mi

The Exception.

KEep home your heart pray, and from me retire,
'Tis more then my desert, or my desire.
be no changling, 't would produce much dangers
turn acquaintance out, and put in strangers.
heart lives well, and does not care to move;
y be content, I thank you for your love.

94. *The Station.*

1.

COme fancy, and do not thou dabble
Thy wings, nor the wit of thy Muse,
nong the sophisticate rabble
Judas's, Dregs and *Jews*.
off from their modes, do not mingle
Nor mix
y nature with theirs; tarry single,
And fly from their tricks.

2.

un the fraud of the Court, if you ken it,
nd from the loose Libertines flee;
t be not so strict as Saint *Bennet*:
r that superstition would be.
sure thy designs they be stable
And stout,

And let them be invariable,
Not like to the rout.

3.

Let Jesuits envy their Masses,
And Recabites fall to their Wine:
Let Puritans fly from their Lasses,
And Atheists all be divine.
Let Ranters lie down with the Sleepers;
And then
Let the zealous Pilgrims, and Weepers
Turn laughers agen.

4.

Let um chop, let um change, let um alter,
Though one take the Crown for the Oare:
Though some the gold chain for the halter,
And some the Strapado for th' Whore.
Though some 'stead of rags gather riches
And fame;
And some bewray their noble breaches:
Yet I'le be the same.

5.

'Tis neither bad time, nor bad season
Shall cut off the cords of my mirth:
'Tis neither bad rhime nor bad reason
Shall spoil my design in the birth:
Let every one change as he pleases:
But yet

ther ſolace or ſorrow encreaſes,
I'le not ſtir a bit.

6.

Science is clearly convicted
all their intentions are vain:
refore I their folly relicted,
never will mind them again.
ow them, I felt them, I tri'd them
At beſt.
them not, but *Semper Idem*
For ever I'le reſt.

---

95. *Urbs infœlix.*

1.

IF like a Mill my Harp did move,
I need not uſe my fingers,
Nor call for help from heaven above,
Nor ſeek for earthly ſingers.
ſtreams of tears that from mine eyes guſht out,
uld be enough to turn the wheel about.

2.

I've ſearch'd each angle of thy ſoul,
I've peep't through every cranny,
I find beyond compare th' art foul,
Thy vices are too many

For tongue to tell to the intentive ears,
Flowing as proudly as my brackish tears.

3.

I from my window caſt mine eye,
Where wanton girls were ſeen,
All clothed with immodeſty,
And prides rich Magazine:
Whoſe proud array, and prouder looks did tell
Their journeys were in vain, their end was hell.

4.

Unhappy people, come refrain;
Renew your ſo lowing years:
Weep for your loſs and for your gain,
Till ſin is drown'd with tears.
Your golden mines of Love and Peace are dumb,
While leaden ſtrife and envy take their room.

---

96. *The Iron Age.*

1.

WHen *Saturn* dwelt in *Italy*,
The Golden Age begun:
But (Ah!) ere my nativity,
The Golden Age was done.

2.

I've read how he ſometimes would go
And drink a pint of Wine

ith old *Japetus*, where they two
Would tell a tale divine.

3.

ey had their feaſts of Love and Peace,
Knitting their hearts in *Uno:*
t now in ſtead of theſe, we be
Like *Hercules* and *Juno.*

4.

was after that *Jove* had bereaven
His Father of his Crown,
nd had aſſum'd the power of Heaven
To be his only own.

5.

his revolution did produce
An happy Scene of powers;
nd pleaſure then was grown profuſe:
I wiſh the caſe were ours.

6.

ut look where Pride doth ſway the Stage,
And Folly rules the Pagin,
h' event will be the Iron Age,
As well you may imagine.

97. *The Bride Weeping.*

1.

FLee blushing *Sol*, thy motion is too slow;
And *Vesper* thou delai'st.
Has night forgotten what she has to do,
Or turn'd Loves bitter foe,
And so will not make haste?
Pity remorseless Gods, and see
How the sweet girl has wept for ye.

2.

Lash on thy Nag dull *Phœbus*, and renew
Vesper thy tardy pace;
And lazy night lend your assistance too.
We only wait your race,
We only wait for you.
See how she panteth for the sport,
Her heart even breaks in longing for't.

3.

Peace wrong'd girl, and rest a while content,
Relief begins to spring:
Darkness doth vail the brighter element.
Bubo extends her wing,
While day-birds cease to sing.
Then peace my dear, and cease to cry,
Thou shalt be eased by and by.

98. The Paſſion.

AH, wo is me! ſhe turns aſide,
And ſtill refuſes:
When I would kiſs, I am deni'd
With cold excuſes.
Ah me! I can receive no reſt,
But I muſt periſh,
Until her lips and mine conteſt,
My ſoul to cheriſh,
But that I know ſhe'l never do;
She holds it evil.
Then fare her well, and let her go
Unto the Divel.
She that refuſes my good will,
And ſcorns my favour,
I'le alſo ſcorn to wooe her ſtill,
But let the Divel have her.

99. To Fate.

1.

TRead under Fate, be not deſtroy'd,
Rouſe up again and live;
Take courage and revive:
Take reaſon for thy guide:
Love's blind, and ſo is fortune, let them be
Captains-Conductors to themſelves, not me.

2.

Sigh not for sorrows past, refrain
To let base fear controul
The sallies of thy soul:
What priviledge we gain
By giving vantage unto sorrow, shall,
If put into our eyes, not hurt at all.

3.

Adversity's of no effect
To smother, or to bind
A well disposed mind.
Fleet Souls low Spheres neglect;
And soaring to another *Zone*, they claim
Fates upper hand, and wear the Crown of Fame.

4.

Come then my soul, and see thou go'st
Into thy self, and there
Survey what things you wear,
Then get what you have lost.
And arm'd with courage, to the world relate
Thy self triumphant o're the Tower of Fate.

100. *Confidence.*

1.

COuld I imagine how I might
Deſtroy my foes in thinking,
Or draw their bloods by drinking,
de ſtay at home, and in an Angle fight.

2.

Yet may I triumph o're the times
With my laborious Quill
(While I my ſelf ſit ſtill)
With meaſur'd Rhetorick, and melodious rhimes.

3.

Then arm thy ſelf *Urania*,
And flee to every *Zone*
That Mortals tread upon.
Surround the Globe, and in their fanſies play.

4.

Sprout forth young ſprig of tender Wit,
Well fledg'd with *Dorick* ſtrains,
Flee ſwiftly from my brains,
And let the world ſee I'm not curb'd by it.

5.

Grow Darts on thy ignoble Stem,
That wiſely may reſiſt

Each

Each proud Antagoniſt;
And tell thy foes thou wilt not ſtoop to the

---

101. *The Check.*

1.

BUt ſtay, lie down my ſoul,
Lie down, (dear ſoul) and leave
The world, corrupt and foul
With vanity, and cleave
Unto thy ſelf, and like a Hermit, ſpend
Thy days in ſilence, till thy days ſhall end.

2.

He ſleeps in ſilver peace
That in a Cell remains,
Where altercations ceaſe
Both from his breaſt and brains.
No revolution of the reeling State
Can mend or miſchief his monaſtick fate.

3.

No bluſtring blaſt that blows
From rigid mouths of Kings;
No poyſoned ſurge that flows
From worth-conſuming ſprings
Can drown his fortunes by their furious flaſhes,
Or beat his walls down by their diſmal daſhes.

Th

The Counter Check.

BUt ſtay (my ſoul) th' art born
A burning Taper bright,
Whoſe luſter ſhould adorn
Thy neighbour and the night.
Then ſpread thy beams, and he that ſhall deſpiſe
T' embrace thy light, may it burn out his eyes.

---

102. *Sack-Drawers.*

1.

YOu Swains of the Deity ruling the Vines, (rits?
Why hang ye your heads and decline in your ſpi-
What! can ye not meet in the ſtrength of the wines,
The high ſuppoſition that *Bacchus* inherits?

The Calling you follow
Is allow'd by *Apollo*,
Where he and his Muſes do feed;
And ye are all Gentlemen Drawers indeed.

Ye are all better then Princes, all heavenly heirs,
The honey-lipt *Bacchus* (a God) is your father;
But ſome have the Devil, the Devil for theirs.

Then

Then are ye not worthy and reverend rather?
Your Function's a treasure of solace and pleasure,
As it by the Gods was decree'd.
And ye are all, &c.

3.

Each day is a Holiday full of delight;
No Antidote like unto Wine against sorrow,
We sing and we play and are wanton to night,
Which mirth doth encrease and is doubled to mor-
With singing and laughing, (ro
With drinking and quaffing,
Our fancies we fleece and we feed,
For we are all, &c.

4.

And are we not company fit for the best
Of Nobles and Gallants that tread on the Center?
With them we confer, we comply and contest,
VVhich doth to our profit arise peradventure.
Our ways do present us
All things that content us;
There's nothing at all that we need.
And we are all, &c.

5.

VVe eat of the best, and we drink of as good,
A dish of Ambrosia each day is prepared;
And also to nourish our hearts and our blood,
Nepenthe and *Nectar* is liberally shared.

Our

Our Tenches and Sammons,
Our VVenches and Gammons,
Canary our Cod-pieces bleed.
Then are we all Gentlemen Drawers indeed.

6.

Our Rent is prepar'd, our Taxes are paid,
No ſecular action doth cauſe us to alter,
And he that is bent to repine at our Trade,
As well when he's hanged may rail at his halter.
Let no man upbraid us,
Since heaven hath made us
Mechanick to rule and exceed.
For we are all, &c.

7.

Then let the dumb Stoick do all that he can,
VVe live by our Melody, he by his mettle.
A fig for the Rechabite, and Puritan,
VVhoſe head is as round and as dull as a Beetle:
I ever will follow
The drink of *Apollo*,
Ejecting the juyce of the weed.
And we are all Gentlemen Drawers indeed.

---

103. *Her Endowments.*

MY Miſtreſs muſt be ſpic'd with pride,
And not corrupt with filthy ſcorn;

She

She must be wanton too beside,
Yet not too much for fear o'th' horn.
She must not be as others are,
Either too foolish or too wise:
She must be neat, but not too fair,
Left her bright luster blind my eyes.
I care not for rich cloaths or coin:
'Tis feigned love that sues for flock,
But where I fix this love of mine,
I'le love my Mistress in her smock.

---

104. *Griefe.*

1.

AWay (thou gnawing worm) fond grief.
Away from me, away,
Thy absence is my sweet relief,
Then flee without delay;
He that gives way to woe and sorrow,
May grieve to day, and mourn to morrow.

2.

Go now into another *Zone*,
Where mortal brains are light,
And press them down; I've need of none
Since I have felt thy weight.
He that shall change his frown for laughter,
May laugh to day, and sing hereafter.

3.

Tri'd you both, and know you well;
But do not like you so;
A light heart has no parallel,
But oh the pangs of woe!
Yet Woe, the heart can never shoot,
If Thought be not the Porter to't.

4.

Then get the touch-stone which may turn
All dross and dregs to gold.
When grief begins in you to burn,
Let fancy make it cold:
Know either peace, or blustring passion,
Arises from th' imagination.

5.

Suppose you then that all is good,
And in that thought repose:
This will alay that fiery blood
Which in thy body flows.
And mark me now (for this is chiefe)
Nothing on earth requireth griefe.

6.

If accident should chance to fall,
It falls from heaven above.
Then let no poverty or thrall,
Your soaring spirits move.

Nothing

Nothing but ſin can grief require,
Then grieve for ſin, elſe grief expire.

---

55. *A Quiet Mind.*

1.

IN midſt of plenty only to embrace
Calm patience, is not worthy of your praiſe;
But he that can look ſorrow in the face
And not be daunted, he deſerves the Bayes.
This is proſperity, when ere we find
A heavenly ſolace in an earthly mind.

2.

Let *Cræſus* then with droſſie coin depreſs
His heavy heart, while mine to heaven flies;
He lies tormented in a deep diſtreſs,
Whiles I am regent in the throne of joyes.
Oh here is happineſs, when men can find
An empty pocket, and a thankful mind.

3.

Eſtates are fetters, if they are not blended
With charity, and not too much of care:
Hence is the ſoul not better'd, but offended;
Riches with reaſon is a jewel rare.
Yet poor or rich be quiet, and you'l find
No bleſſing level to a quiet mind.

106. *Love ſtealing his Miſtreſs.*

1.

HAnd in hand, and heart in heart,
We will ſecretly depart,
(While the Dogs and Cocks and Crows
Nature calleth to repoſe.)
To the valley,
Where *Venus* uſe to dally.
Come away,
Leave relations all at home,
Make conceit oblivions pray.
Its no theft to ſteal loves pleaſure,
Or to rob its golden treaſure,
Then prepare thy ſelf, and come
To *Cupids* dark *Elyſium*,
Where we'l take a thouſand kiſſes,
Searching out more ſecret bliſſes.

2.

Let invention frame excuſes,
Love and Ladies have their Muſes.
Wanton *Cupid* though he's blind,
Can a thouſand crotchets find
To excuſe thee,
While I gently uſe thee.
Let us fly
(Silent as the ſubtile Cranes
Over *Taurus*) through the skie,

To the Park of *Venus*, where
I will soon hunt down my Dear,
Tracing thy Meandring veins,
To take pleasure for my pains.
There I'le hunt thee down with laughter,
Shooting not before, but after.

---

107. *A Health.*

HEre's a health to her, whose Power
Surmounteth all the rest,
To her that only I adore,
To her I fancy best,
To her that can with subjects fill
My nimble Brains, or empty Quill,
And furnish me with sense divine;
It is this noble glass of Wine.
Let others fansie whom they please,
Their poor and feeble Mistresses;
Yet I will still embrace the Cup
Brim full of Sack, and hug it up.

108. *The Exaltation.*

1.

A Rout, a rout my fansie cries,
If reason shall give way to't,
I know not what to say to't.
Then wake sublimer thoughts, and rise,
Help me quickly,
I am sickly,
Despair is come, and pleasure dies,

2.

But yet me thinks it should not do't,
Hast thou no more discretion?
Then hark to my expression,
And it will be a fair recruit.
Disinherit
Thy dull spirit
Of such thoughts as make it mute.

3.

Rear up the down-falls of thy heart,
Remit both care and sorrow
Today before to morrow.
This is a melancholy smart,
From which Colledge
All the knowledge
We derive 's not worth a fart.

4.

Sweep down the Cobwebs of deſpair,
Shake hands with in-bred pleaſure,
Dive in light fancies treaſure;
And bid your heavineſs forbear.
Be oblivious
(Not laſcivious)
Of your folly, not your prayer.

5.

Drink down diſaſters, waſh away
The filth of all misfortune,
And to the Gods importune,
That *Bacchus* power may not decay.
'Tis Sack and Claret
That will carry't
When the world ſhall ſay you nay.

6.

Reject times errors, ſuch as ſteer
The conſcience to perdition:
As envy and ambition.
Shun Lady-luſt, if ſhe appear,
And do not dally
In her valley,
Neither ſeek for *Venus* there.

7.

Your cordial help and your redreſs,

Your strength and sure assistance,
(Which is not at a distance)
Drink that from the Grape we press.
Then do not vary
From Canary;
'Tis your help and happiness.

109. *Reality.*

CAst off conceit a while, lay fancy by,
And clear thy pockets of *Hyperbolis*.
This done (my *Genius*) court me, and declare
What worthy creatures all your Women are.
Women are sugered Pills, the baits of Sins,
Mixt with corruption, and a world of sins.
Man wins the day, but Woman bears the fame:
They're Maps of Modesty, but not the same.
Deluding Devils in the garb of Saints;
Built of corruption, beautifi'd with paints,
Whom nature sent (though art did them attire)
Like *Sampsons* Foxes, to set all on fire.

110. The Ultimum vale.

I Shall not beg your praiſe, nor ſpend my breath
In expectation of a Laurel VVreath.
Read and give judgement, be it good or ill,
All's one to me, I'le not confine my Quill
Unto ſuch ſervile labour, as to meaſure
Out this Lords humor, or that Ladies pleaſure.
I write my down-right fanſie, and I bend
Not for the fear of Foe, or love of Friend.

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